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We Can't Wait for '73 *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — March 13, 1971, 50 cents

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The Seymours just gave birth to a nine-year-old

It was an extraordinary act of love. It sprang from the hearts of a 72-year-old man and his 60-year-old wife. It reached across hundreds of miles—from a New York City apartment to a town in the hills of Tennessee. And it will give new life to a red-haired, sad-eyed little girl named Linda.

John and Abby Seymour know the joy of raising a family. "We should," John explains. "We've got seven grandchildren. But we want to do more."

More means Save the Children Federation. An answer to Linda's cry for help. And help for Linda's family and the 70 other families in her Appalachian town.

Help is a $15.00 monthly check from the Seymours. Not a hand out, mind you, but a boost up so that families like Linda's can start to help themselves.

Now Linda can look forward to finishing grade school. Public education is free, but you've got to have clothes to wear to take advantage of it. A winter coat, shoes, and books cost money. Money Linda's parents don't have. Linda's father can't find a job. Her mother works as a seamstress and barely earns enough to feed her family. Now, Linda will have the things she needs. And more.

Like a new community center built by Linda's neighbors with a self-help loan from Save the Children. A place where a doctor and a dentist can have a clinic for the first time. And swings and slides. And a day care center where Linda can play safely. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation.

And for the Seymours, it's warm letters, exciting progress reports and wonderful photos from a little girl away from home.

The Seymours know there's more than one way to save a child. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list): Faith Baldwin, Joan Crawford, Andy Griffith, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J Penney, Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

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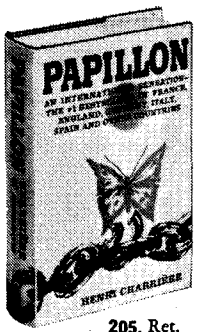

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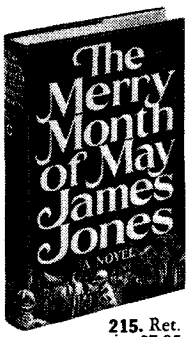

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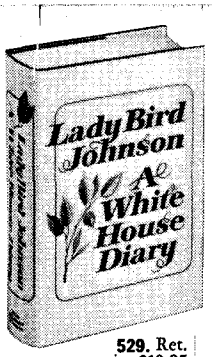

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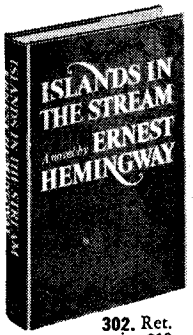

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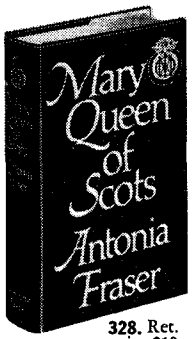

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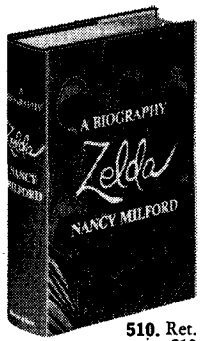

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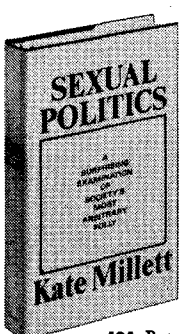

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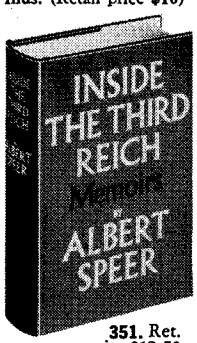

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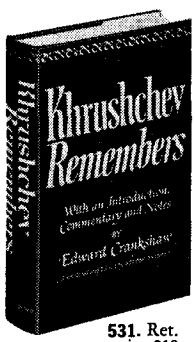

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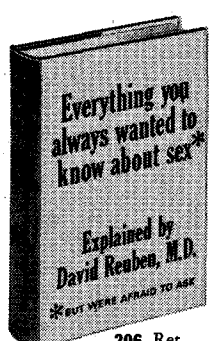

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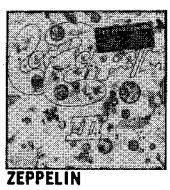

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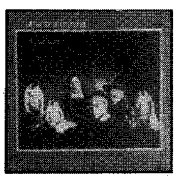

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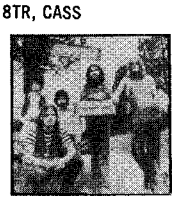

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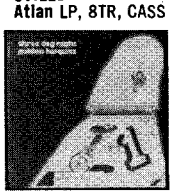

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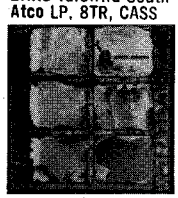

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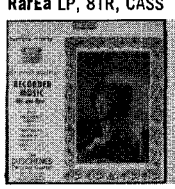

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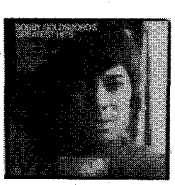

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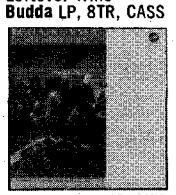

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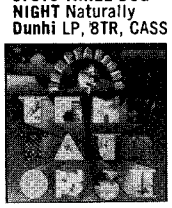

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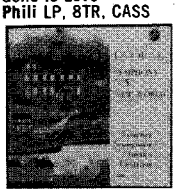

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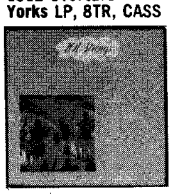

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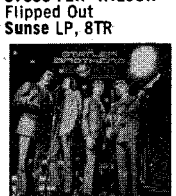

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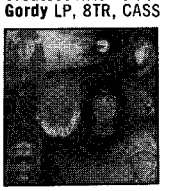
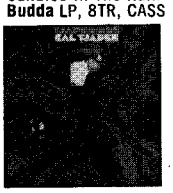
33077 JOAN BAEZ One Day at A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42769 KING CRIMSON Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



65796 CAL TJADER Tjader-Ade
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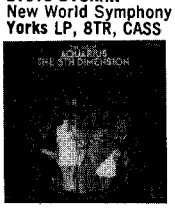

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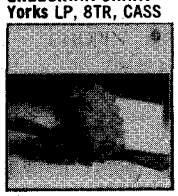

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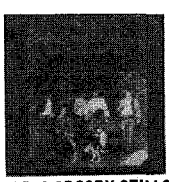
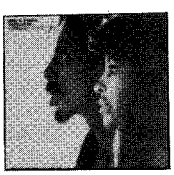


42704 CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

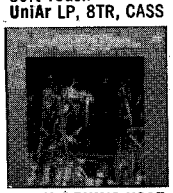


38373 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

44765 SHIRLEY BASSEY Is Really Something
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

42768 ARETHA FRANKLIN Spirit In The Dark
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

67519 STEPPENWOLF Gold
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



38773 DENNIS YOST & CLASSICS IV Golden Greats
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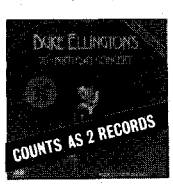

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Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

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Broken Promises

If you relish irony consider the record of Congress in subsidizing housing for the poor. Contrast Minnie Jackson, raising two anemic children in an abandoned chicken brooder in the Mississippi Delta, with the ornate language of the Housing Act of 1949 pledging a "decent home for every American family."

Congress has passed five laws like that in the past 33 years. The one in 1937 proposed "decent, safe, and sanitary dwellings for families of low income." Then, with a chuckle, it declined to fund them.

Oh, yes, the prankish Congress has put up some of the money. You can judge for yourself on the latest 1968 act, which sets a goal of 26 million units in 10 years: 2.6 million a year. Housing units actually started in the late 1960s, however, have averaged only 100,000 units a year.

A report just published by Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs (*Promises to Keep*, Government Printing Office, January, 1971) gives a good updating of these April Fool pranks. Congress wants to pull down old houses as well as build new ones. It turns out that the Urban Renewal Office as part of this project has demolished 440,000 units, or three-and-a-half times as many units as it has built to replace them.

Slums have to be torn out to build fine super-highways and nice suburbs. After all, this is a middle-class nation. The median US family income is $9000 a year, which means that at least 30-million families can't afford to pay more than $150 a month for shelter. But our congressmen get paid $42,500 a year and it's only natural that their eyes are on the people above the middle, not below.

Therefore a blithe procedure has been adopted. Washington knows it well. It has its own Southwest Renewal Area (encouraging name, isn't it?) which displaced 23,000 low-income families to make room for 310 units for moderate incomes, and 5600 for high incomes. Some of the displaced people objected (there's always a minority that can't see a joke), and they were chucked out anyway, into slums, into high-crime, socially disorganized riot areas. A similar forward-looking program in Baltimore got the unfortunate local name of "Negro Removal."

Bad housing drove people from the country and welfare payments drew them to the city and between them they produced the greatest mass migration in human history in America in the past 30 or 40 years, most of which time Congress was playing its little games about subsidized housing. It passed plenty of laws; we have some of the finest laws in the world; what it didn't do was to put up the money. Meanwhile city folks suddenly discovered the word "environment"; they shivered over air-pollution, water-pollution and garbage disposal. Anyone with a sense of fun will relish the juxtaposition – these dispossessed people from bad rural housing knew all about "environment," about drinking dirty water, about shacks polluted by leaky privies, about living on society's trash heap long before Park Avenue discovered it's unhealthy to sniff smog.

The report tells what the Tufts-Delta Health Center found in Mound Bayou, Miss., recently. In that bracing community only three in ten units had piped water; one in four had a bathtub or shower; seven in ten had outhouses; only half had heat for the whole house. At least eight million, and perhaps sixteen million families, says the report, are living in substandard housing today in America, two-thirds of them in rural areas.

Like everything else in the affair this has its whimsical side – in a very real sense bad housing is subsidized by the government. HEW, you see, pays out about nine billion annually to help people meet housing costs. Fine thing, too! Half or two-thirds of these people live in inadequate housing and instead of building new units Congress puts up money to keep them in the old slums. In other words the government is not merely more efficient in knocking down homes than in building them, but it spends considerably more money subsidizing bad housing than in subsidizing good.

When it comes to subsidies, anyone with a discerning eye for how the poor get gypped in America will relish the situation. Low-income families are poor risks and the Budget Bureau estimates that only 22 percent of this year's assisted housing units will go to people with incomes under $3500. The McGovern committee quietly observes that federal housing money doesn't aid those who need it most. Middle- and upper-income families will get overall tax deductions from the government five times the amount of the housing subsidies for the less fortunate.

Let's spell it out. Hard-working, cotton-picking Willie Washington, with four children, pays $50-a-month rent for his cabin. No subsidy. But John Wentworth in a $45,000 home in a fine suburb has a $20,000 mortgage; it's a 25-year FHA loan at 7 percent. The government keeps the rate down. His $1400 interest is a deduction under the federal income tax – a nice little bonus for home-owning. He pays $810 in local property taxes – that's deductible, too, in computing his federal income tax. He uses one of his rooms for an office and takes a depreciation of $200. You can go on and on. Indirect tax subsidies like this will cost the Treasury five times as much this year as all the direct expenditures Congress grants to housing.

Let's not be unfair. The government is even-handed in a thing like this. If Willie Washington had a $45,000 home he could get the deductions, too! Every child born in America can hope to grow up to enjoy tax loopholes. It's our birthright. The government would give Willie a $625 deduction, too, for each of his four children on his income tax. John Wentworth enjoys that. Unfortunately for Willie that's more than his total income.

Let's face it, bad housing for poor people is as American as apple pie. Squalor and sickness go with bad housing. Dr. Jack Geiger in his report on Mound Bayou, Miss., offered a photograph of an emaciated two-month-old child. It wasn't uncommon, he said: "I have to assume that he is not premature and he is not dead. He weighs two pounds less than when he was born." The baby had four distinct, diagnosable ills. Poor kid. The joke is on him.

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We Can't Wait Until 1973

"The game of politics" can be entertaining, and in times of relative calm it's not altogether useless. But when the country is up to its knees in domestic trouble and up to its ears in a war it never wanted, never should have been in and is fed up with, politics-as-usual is a menace. Yet the game goes on. The President and his spokesmen insist that the Republicans inherited the war and are winding it down (neither is true: they supported it from the beginning, and they are not winding it down but stretching it out); and the Democrats, bedeviled by bad conscience, mumble about the President not getting it over with, but they cannot bring themselves to say plainly when and how to do it. Most of the rest of us sit on the sidelines, watching and waiting for the Captain, or someone, to blow the whistle. But all we get is whistling in the dark. So what do we do? We turn to wondering when and how the present team will be retired. How about Muskie? How about McGovern? How about anybody?

But the American people are not just spectators with no influence on the plays or the players. They are the umpire – if they choose to be. And they must choose to be, for we can't wait for a new President. We can't wait until January 1973, because the hazards of delay are too great. This war, as degrading as the slave trade or the Indian massacres were in their day, has got to be stopped. Angela Davis is charged in California not with the crime of pulling the trigger, but of abetting murder. That is precisely what the United States is guilty of in Indochina – and the victims are numbered in the hundreds of thousands. The conspiracy is no less criminal because, under the Nixon doctrine, the primary American mission henceforth will be to ferry and finance, to train and arm and blast a path for Asians to do the killing. To measure the morality of our participation, as the Administration would have us do, in terms of the color or the nationality of bodies counted is obscene.

The President has had two years in which to disengage through a negotiated settlement secured through a peace-minded government in Saigon, and the complete withdrawal of all our forces by a fixed date. He has failed. Because he failed, but is still President, it does not follow that no change of course is possible in the immediate future. It is late, and every day of delay is to be regretted, but we

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do not despair of the President's being constrained. He is not a dictator, he can be moved, if there are enough resolute movers outside the White House.

Even if we were able to turn our eyes away from the suffering in Indochina, or from the corruption we are feeding by our presence, or from the demoralization of our own forces, we cannot be blind to what this war is doing to America. On the political level, it has castrated the leadership of the Democratic Party. Having supported the initial commitment of American military and financial power to winning a civil war in Vietnam, to a war with no saving purpose, the Democrats are understandably sensitive about blame. In effect, they have permitted themselves to be held hostage by the Republicans. "Who are *you* to criticize?" the Administration admonishes, "you who got us into this mess? At least, a Republican President is reducing our casualty rate." That hurts, because it is true. And the Democratic leadership, excepting the Fulbrights and the McGoverns and the Hugheses has not yet had the fortitude to reply: "Yes, we share responsibility for the war having gone on so long – but we do not now intend to evade our responsibility for ending it."

The Democrats' fault is not redeemed by such mild statements as the one recently approved by their policy committee in the Senate, suggesting disengagement by a "date certain." As translated by Senator Mansfield, "date certain" means the end of 1972, nearly two years off. Two years more of this? That is loyal opposition carried to the point of self-destruction. We can't wait, and battered Vietnam ought not to be made to wait. We cannot, because our own security is at stake. We are suspended at the moment in eerie tranquility, eerie because no one believes it will last. A bomb explodes in the United States Senate building, we are outraged, we wait nervously for the next explosion. But match that broken glass and plaster with the broken bodies in Indochina. The President is not alone in wanting to restrain the "people of violence." But how is the President himself to be restrained from violence? That is what Democratic and Republican leadership should be asking itself. Confiscate the President's global gun permit, and the way is at least open to containing our arsonists and bombers.

If the war goes on as scheduled, Mr. Nixon will not in our judgment be able to "provide proper security without repression." He will not be able to do it with a hundred times larger FBI. He will not, because the United States has become the enemy of a sizable number of its own citizens, who can no longer tolerate what they deem the murderous acts of their own government. In protesting those acts they are keeping *their* commitment. It is useless to say that the bombing of the Senate, or of any other building, is senseless; of course it is, and it plays into the President's hands. But one does not reason with people who are desperate, who say they have tried legal protest, mass marches, petitions, letter-writing and got nowhere. They have lost confidence, as the President has lost confidence, in the utility of negotiation, accommodation, moderation. Since the government of the United States has embraced the theory that power is at the end of a gun – in Indochina – there will be protesters who believe that the same theory applies here.

What it comes down to is that no government, unless it is the government of a police state, can carry on a war which a majority of its citizens has lost faith in; nor can it wage a war which a sizable minority of its citizens passionately believes is wrong. If it does, it incites to violence. And that is what we are inviting. It is not just the students who can't wait for peace, or American POWs who can't wait for release, or cities which can't wait for relief, or blacks or the poor who can't wait for justice, or the GIs who can't wait to get home – it is the United States itself which dare not wait for peace until we have a new President.

The editors of *Life* recently announced that the war has become "politically manageable." It has not. All that statement means is that the President has the biggest megaphone is the country, and he uses it expertly to persuade us that the news is what he says it is, and that yesterday's bad news is best forgotten since tomorrow's news will be good. The Executive's propaganda firepower is as formidable as its airpower. All the more reason for the opponents of an open-ended commitment to Thieu-Ky to get out their own megaphones and keep talking – not only in Congress but throughout the country, and now, not in 1972.

We must believe that a dedicated, single-minded bipartisan minority in Congress can force the President's hand. It can filibuster on Presidential appointments. It can refuse to approve selected projects which are dear to Mr. Nixon. Appointments and projects can wait. The war can't. If "the people of violence" are not to prevail, the peace-minded in the Congress must have the courage to say nothing, do nothing, vote nothing that underwrites the war.

The central fact to which Mr. Nixon never alludes is that our presence in Indochina, whatever its guise, can be matched indefinitely by a Chinese and Russian presence. In the absence of a negotiated settlement, this ten-year war could become a thirty-year war. If it is not to become that, authority other than the President's will have to take precedence. It can. But only if there are leaders – in Congress and out – who put the game of politics aside. No faint dissent, no part-time criticism, no partisan jockeying for presumed advantage. Total opposition, carried forward in the spirit of William Lloyd Garrison: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!"

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While the Mice Are Away

Ordinarily, when Congress passes a bill and sends it along to the President, he has ten days to sign it into law or return it. But if the Chief Executive is contemplating his decision while Congress reaches adjournment, what is he to do with the unsigned bill? There's no place to return it to. The bill gets tucked away, for good, in the President's "pocket."

Andrew Jackson was first to use the pocket veto, ignoring a bank bill he was not fond of, rather than sending it back to the hostile legislature where a two-thirds majority vote from both houses could have overridden him. His successors have been shrewder. The "adjournment" referred to in Article 1, Section 7 of the Constitution would seem to mean plainly the formal close of Congress. No, the Presidential advisers have argued, adjournment also covers sundry legislative leave-takings, postponements, even vacations. And when there's adjournment, there can be a pocket veto.

Before this Administration, a "ten-day adjournment" was as far as any President was willing to stretch this Constitutional provision, but when the previous Congress went home for a four-day Christmas holiday, Mr. Nixon pocketed two pieces of legislation: authorization for a Family Practices of Medicine Act, and a private bill to consider a dispute within the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission. Had the Medicine Act been made law, $225 million of federal money would have been channeled to hospitals and medical schools over three years. Mr. Nixon thought this "excessive."

Congress had appointed delegates to receive any communications from the Administration during the Christmas absence. None came. Backed by a former Supreme Court ruling, Mr. Nixon was not legally required to communicate. But his legal justification of the pocket veto in this instance is tenuous to say the least. To say the most it threatens to dangerously tilt the Executive-Legislative balance of powers. Theoretically, following the President's line of reason, the pocket veto could be used over a weekend. That's an adjournment. Or overnight.

Some elements in Congress, disgruntled by this Christmas experience, intend to disregard what the President did, or rather didn't do. The Foreign Claims Settlement Commission will be asked to go ahead and make its ruling anyway. The Family Practices of Medicine Act will be revived and re-introduced by Senator Kennedy and others. If passed, it will return to the President's desk. If he refuses to sign it (which is his right), Congress can override (which is its right). Since this legislation originally passed the Senate with only one dissenting vote, and through the House with only two, there's little doubt who will prevail in the end.

Likewise, there is scattered talk about doing away once and for all with wayward interpretations of "adjournment"; about defining the expression as the formal close of a session and nothing else. The Founding Fathers didn't fly in 747s, didn't foresee mini-vacations, holiday breaks, or sudden postponements. What they meant by adjournment is clear.

Left Face

Jeane Dixon, the seeress, has predicted that tragedy will befall Jane Fonda. Perhaps it's wishful thinking. Or perhaps Mrs. Dixon was just playing the odds. Anyone who reads the newspapers Mrs. Dixon writes for knows that Henry Fonda's actress daughter is often present when trouble erupts, getting arrested at border crossings and such.

Miss Fonda's politics are anti-establishment. She was one of the sponsors of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War Winter Soldier Investigation into American War Crimes held recently in Detroit. And she announced several weeks ago that on March 13 she would begin a tour of 20 US army bases, entertaining the troops with a show written by Jules Feiffer and directed by Mike Nichols. Miss Fonda sees herself as an antidote to Bob Hope, whose Nielsen ratings are the highest on television and who has been touring military installations for more than a quarter of a century, supporting whichever war effort we happened to be involved in at the time – World War II, Korea, and now Laos-Cambodia-Vietnam. He gets laughs by derogating the brass but never the war.

Miss Fonda and the US Servicemen's Fund, a two-year-old GI peace movement organization, want to offer an alternative and at the same time test the tensile strength of the new "liberalized" policies of the army. "It has been very disconcerting for many of us in Hollywood," she said at a recent press conference, "to see that Bob Hope, Martha Raye and other companies of their political ilk have cornered the market and are the only entertainers allowed to speak to soldiers in this country and Vietnam." Miss Fonda hoped to start her tour at Fort Bragg, North Carolina where there are 50,000 servicemen under the command of Lt. Gen. John J. Tolson III, one of the architects of the army's new look (long hair and mustaches, eliminated reveille, go-go girls in service clubs, beer in mess halls, free Saturday mornings, enlisted men's councils). The US Servicemen's Fund asked for permission to perform, and for the army to pay for transporting and lodging the cast and crew of the "new action show for a new action army." The general read the script and decided "the show would be detrimental to discipline and morale." Permission denied. A contingency plan calls for two performances in the 600-seat Haymarket Square Coffeehouse in Fayetteville, near Fort Bragg.

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Show of Support

The Brussels Congress on behalf of the Soviet Jews had one striking and revealing result before it even convened: the reaction of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union reacted to the announcement of the convening of the Congress with a virulent propaganda barrage that had virtually no relation to any ascertainable fact, and sent a high-powered delegation of Russian Jews to Brussels in advance of the Congress. The leader of that delegation was a lieutenant general in uniform, covered with medals and ribbons. Thus the Congress was given free publicity and assigned a historic significance considerably in excess of its actual importance. This is not to say that the existence of such a Congress was not impressive. Here were approximately 750 Jewish leaders from more than 38 countries, among them the grand rabbis of England, France, and Israel, brought together by a common concern for the fate of three-and-a-half million Soviet Jews. What was less impressive was the quality of the debates and the results. A certain amount of emotionalism is probably inevitable in a mass meeting of this kind. But to listen to speaker after speaker shouting in different languages and to thunderous applause, "Let My People Go" becomes, after a while, boring rather than moving. And, more importantly, such declarations are irrelevant to the issue at stake. That issue is the spiritual and cultural survival, as Jews, of the Soviet Jews who physically survived Hitler's "final solution."

I should say in passing that the issue at stake has been obscured by the inordinate publicity given the exclusion from the conference of Meir Kahane, the chairman of the Jewish Defense League. That exclusion was in my view justified by Kahane's open commitment to violence and doubts about his political sponsorship and financial resources. Democracy requires free discussion of different alternatives antecedent to a decision; it does not require giving the enemies of democracy the opportunity to take advantage of its processes. That much we ought to have learned from the fate of the Weimar Republic.

Soviet Jewry is faced with a threat to its very survival as an entity conscious of its distinct spiritual and secular culture. The threat stems from four sources.

Anti-semitism as a popular movement has a long history in Russia, frequently stimulated by the government of the day and exploited for a particular political purpose. This tradition has been continued, sporadically, by a succession of Soviet governments, the outstanding example being the persecution of the Jews during the last phase of Stalin's regime.

Secondly, the early Bolshevists, under the leadership of Lenin and following Marx himself, have consistently denied that a separate national entity called Jewry exists. They believed that the total assimilation of the Jews would by itself solve the so-called Jewish problem, and they regarded the Jewish insistence on continuing their religious and cultural traditions as a kind of atavism which socialism would of necessity overcome.

Thirdly, any totalitarian regime, claiming to have a monopoly of truth and virtue and therefore commanding the ultimate loyalties of its citizens, must find it difficult to tolerate competition in the form of otherworldly religions which claim an independent source of truth and virtue. Thus a totalitarian regime can at best only have an uneasy relationship with organized religion and at worst will try to subvert and eliminate it. Finally, Judaism, in particular presents a challenge to any totalitarian regime; for the prophetic tradition of Judaism has made it its business, since the times of the prophets of the Old Testament, to subject rulers to the moral standards of another world. It has endeavored, "to speak truth to power" thereby reminding the powers that be of a higher law to which they are subject. A regime for which truth is a mere by-product of its own power cannot fail to recognize in this Judaic claim an element of subversion. That uneasy relationship between a totalitarian regime and Judaism is aggravated by the existence of Israel, upon which the spiritual aspirations of many Soviet Jews are naturally focused.

There are obviously two ways in which the predicament of Soviet Jewry can be relieved: mass emigration and internal reforms instituted by the Soviet government. The Congress did not choose between those two remedies. (In its discussions, it emphasized mass emigration, supported by the orthodox Zionist call for the return of all Jews throughout the world to Israel. The final resolution stressed both equally.) However, a more thorough examination of the issue ought to lead to the conclusion that it is unrealistic to expect the Soviet government to consent to mass emigration of Jews. First, such mass emigration would be a demonstration of utter lack of confidence in, and alienation from, the Soviet regime. Secondly, if Soviet Jewry, considered by the Soviet regime to be a nationality among others, were allowed to emigrate en masse, the ties of other Soviet nationalities to the Soviet regime would certainly at the very least be loosened. Thirdly,

To Our Readers

As this issue of *The New Republic* goes to press, members of Local 101 of the International Typographical Union are preparing to strike commercial and job printers in Washington, DC. Unless the strike is averted, we shall not publish a March 20 edition.

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mass emigration to Israel under the auspices of the Soviet Union would negate the present Middle Eastern policies of the Soviet government.

Hence, in my view, the efforts on behalf of Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union ought to concentrate not on the unattainable goal of mass emigration, but upon selective emigration of certain special categories of Jews. As recent events have shown, this approach has met with a measure of success.

The main objective of the worldwide efforts on behalf of Soviet Jewry must concentrate more upon the main threat to which Soviet Jewry is exposed: spiritual and cultural extinction. How can the outside world strengthen the will of Soviet Jewry to survive, and what can it do to implement that will? The answer to that question is twofold.

The outside world must maintain and extend its contacts with Soviet Jewry through personal visits, correspondence and a supply of food and other materials, which will not only meet the immediate needs of the recipients, but will also make it clear to them symbolically that they have not been forgotten.

The other answer is more difficult because it hinges on the reactions of the Soviet government to steps to be taken by the outside world. The Soviet government has proven to be sensitive to outside pressures in a dual sense. It has refused to yield to such pressure when it considered it to be insulting or dangerous to its interests, especially since it holds three-and-a-half million jews as hostages. It has yielded, generally surreptitiously, to other more subtle pressures, especially when it could thereby improve its position in the world community.

It follows that the effectiveness of such pressures stands in inverse relation to their violence and ostentatiousness. In other words, the more dignified, and the more discreet, and the more widely supported by important segments of the peoples of the world those pressures are, the more effective they are likely to be. On the other hand, if the intent is to put the Soviet Union on the spot, conjuring up memories of the Cold War at its most acrimonious, pressuring is likely to be ineffective. What has proved to be true of the diplomacy of the great powers *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union is likely to be true also of the more limited issue with which we are here concerned. And I am happy to report that while the Congress did not take a stand on the choice between the two basic remedies, there can be no doubt that its overwhelming majority expressed itself in favor of a subdued approach and refused to embrace the methods of violence.

Hans J. Morgenthau

Mr. Morgenthau *is professor of international affairs at the University of Chicago and the City University of New York. He addressed the Brussels Congress, the subject of this report, on February 24.*

The Nixon Watch

Black Study

The members of Congress who comprise the Black Caucus in the House of Representatives have never acknowledged their debt to the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy. They largely owe to him the favor the President did them by refusing for a year to receive them in a group at the White House. Mr. Nixon's traumatic reaction to their bid for recognition would not have become the study in Administration attitudes that it did become if Ralph Abernathy had behaved with the decorum that is expected of White House visitors after he had a session with the President and his Cabinet on May 13, 1969. The President appeared to close the Caucus episode with friendly grace when he said at his Feb. 17 press conference that he thought a meeting with the black members was going to be worked out and added, "I hope it is, because I will be glad to talk to them, of course." But the whole of his answer to a question about the affair was actually a further study in non-comprehension, a fitting climax to the prolonged failure at the White House to understand the people and the problem that Mr. Nixon and his assistants were dealing with.

The encounter with the Reverend Abernathy was arranged by Daniel P. Moynihan, then in the bloom of his reputation as the Nixon assistant who understood black people better than black people understood themselves. Abernathy, who was trying to prove himself a worthy successor to Martin Luther King at the head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, was in Washington with a troop of followers, galumphing from department to department with a set of "demands" that, upon examination, turned out to be pretty much in line with the promises Mr. Nixon was already making to better the lot of black Americans. Moynihan calculated that an invitation to the White House, for a talk with the President and his Cabinet Council on Urban Affairs, would at once cool down Abernathy and show the President's good faith. It seemed to Moynihan and other assistants at the meeting that it worked that way. The President, they said afterward, was in top form and Abernathy at the Cabinet table was suitably respectful and grateful. If he was, the Reverend Abernathy underwent a drastic change during his short walk from the Cabinet Room to the White House lawn, where the press awaited him. He bellowed into radio and television microphones that his session with the President and Cabinet had been "the most disappointing and the most pointless of all the meetings we have had up to this time." Moynihan, standing by, choked with rage. One of his assistants was heard to exclaim, "Why, the son of a bitch!" Many months afterward, Mr. Nixon was said

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to have felt and still to feel that the performance was not so much a personal affront as an offense against the Presidency, a lesson to him that he must never again offer the White House as a platform to people who might abuse it as he thought Ralph Abernathy had done. Certainly the effects were lasting. The memory figured specifically and importantly in the Nixon staff's dealings with the Black Caucus, once the staff got around to what passed for dealings with it.

Happily for the Caucus and its cause, that took a long time. Variously ignored and rebuffed as it was for months, a request that would have led at most to a bit of transient drama was allowed to grow into a symbolic issue between the President and black Americans. The originator of the notion that black members of Congress have a special right of access to the President and that he has a special duty to grant it was William L. (Bill) Clay, a sometime real estate and insurance man who in February of 1970 was a first-term congressman from St. Louis. There then were nine black House members. All of them were Democrats. All but one of them, the aging and now dead William Dawson of Chicago, voted a consistently liberal and frequently anti-Administration line. But they were not demagogues, not a particularly fearsome lot. Viewed in the total House perspective, they were rather tame. They were not in fact the cohesive band that Bill Clay made them out to be when he drafted and, on February 18 of last year, sent to the President a letter asking him to meet with the nine. The White House has not released the letter and Clay has misplaced his only copy of it. It was said to be a brief and courteous note, requesting (as Clay later put it) a meeting "to discuss a range of questions representing the concerns of 25 million black Americans." Given no answer, Clay twice telephoned the White House. Robert Brown, the only black assistant on the President's immediate staff, and Herbert Klein, the Director of Communications, counselled patience and said the letter would be brought to the President's attention. The sole evidence that Nixon had seen it came on April 20. Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., a very subordinate staff assistant, wrote Clay that "we had hoped to be able to work this out . . . but we just have not been able to work it in." Clay took this to be the rebuff it was and said on the House floor that "the members of the Black Caucus . . . make known at this time our outright disgust with the President's policies and his refusal to give us an audience."

Clay and two colleagues, Augustus F. Hawkins of California and Louis Stokes of Ohio, sent the President a second letter on July 23. It was rough, barely courteous, to the point ("you have traveled to all corners of the earth . . . but you have not come to black America"). It quoted and deplored the explanation of the April rebuff that John Ehrlichman, the President's assistant for domestic affairs, had given *Time:* "We try not to permit opportunities to use the Presidency as a grandstand." William E. Timmons, a staff lobbyist who is responsible for relationships with the House, wrote Clay on July 27 that "your letter will be brought to the President's attention."

The blacks were otherwise ignored until September when one of them, John Conyers of Michigan, telephoned Leonard Garment, a Nixon assistant who has a better feel for racial niceties than most of his associates. The only result of several Conyers-Garment conversations was confusion. Garment recalled the Abernathy business, said a repetition of it would harm the blacks and offend the President, and argued for a discussion that would go to general attitudes and issues rather than to disputed specifics. He thought that Conyers agreed. Conyers' black colleagues got an impression from him that Garment was implying, if not laying down, conditions that they considered insulting. Congressman Clark MacGregor of Minnesota, who had been defeated for the Senate in the November elections and was about to join Nixon as his lobbyist-in-chief, next entered the picture, again in conversation with Conyers, and more confusion resulted. The word got around that MacGregor had said that the President was ready to meet the blacks in December and Conyers had said it would be better to wait until five new black members took their seats in the 92nd Congress.

This was embarrassing to the blacks because, if true, it made their trumpeted boycott of the President's State of the Union address in January even cruder and more futile than it then appeared to many people (this writer included) to be. It was not true, according to Conyers and to Ronald Ziegler, the President's press secretary. Unfortunately for Senator Edward Brooke, the black Republican from Massachusetts, he thought it was true and said so after the boycott occurred and the President, suddenly bestirring himself, asked Brooke to be his intermediary.

"I talked to Senator Brooke about that just a few days ago," Mr. Nixon said on February 17, "and asked him to speak to some of those who had made this request." This remark, made in good spirit by the President, betrayed the insensitivity that had attended his and his staff's entire conduct of the affair. Brooke was embarrassed by the President's report, though he complied with it. He understood that the black representatives resented what they regarded as a gratuitous intrusion. Brooke's version of the MacGregor-Conyers discussion infuriated them. Some of them said, with profane emphasis, that the President or any one of his assistants could have called anyone of them at any time and arranged a meeting. It looks at this writing as if the meeting that could have occurred in 1970 will occur soon, with no credit to the President and minimal satisfaction to the Black Caucus.

John Osborne

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Politicians Who Would Practice Medicine

Drugs for Children

by Harlan Vinnedge

Last fall, Representative John Rarick (D, La.) introduced H.R. 19460, a bill designed to end the expenditure of funds by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare "to promote, subsidize, or propagandize the use or administration of any drug, narcotic, barbiturate, or sedatives to any child in the public school system." The bill died in the Education and Labor Committee when the 91st Congress ended. The chain of events leading to its sponsorship by a white, Southern Democratic member of the Agriculture Committee started three months earlier in Omaha, Nebraska. On June 15, Miss Maryl J. Harris, a black militant student with an arrest record for sit-ins at an Omaha university, began building an election issue for Mr. Ernest W. Chambers, her candidate for the Nebraska Legislature from Omaha's 11th District. She attended a school board meeting to charge, based on her experience with one student in an extracurricular class on black studies which she was teaching, that school children from the ghetto were being drugged into conformity in the classroom. The boy had told her, when she remarked on his unusual behavior, that he had been placed on drugs because of his school conduct. From June 15 until June 29 when the story of the "Omaha experiment" broke on a national basis, Mr. Chambers, having decided to use kids undergoing medical treatment as an issue, began developing the strategy which successfully carried him into the state legislature. But the Pandora's Box he opened remains open, and irreparable harm has been done to children.

Mr. Chambers and Miss Harris had chosen to treat hyperkinesia or minimal brain dysfunction politically because a great deal of uncertainty regarding its definition exists even though medical research has been directed toward this problem for more than 30 years. In the medical literature, it is referred to by more than 30 terms. Dr. Mark Stewart of the Washington University School of Medicine, writing in *Scientific American*, has described the type of child who may show the minimal brain dysfunction syndrome: "Typically a child with this syndrome is continually in motion, cannot concentrate for more than a moment, acts and speaks on impulse, is impatient and easily upset. At home he is constantly in trouble because of his restlessness, noisiness and disobedience. In school he is readily distracted, rarely finishes his work, tends to clown and talk out of turn in class and becomes labelled a discipline problem." The actual diagnosis, however, cannot be made on this basis but must be reached as a result of a series of tests which, typically, include perceptual, psychological, and neurological exams and, occasionally, EEGs. After the diagnosis has been completed, part of the therapy may include administration of an amphetamine, Ritalin, or similar drug. The drugs have been shown to have a calming effect on these children which differs markedly from their effect on non-MBD children and adults. The results of the research are readily located in the *Index Medicus*, the specialized index of medical literature.

Following the school board meeting, Mr. Chambers arranged a meeting with school officials and the doctor whom he accused of organizing the school drug program. Present were Don Warner, the now retired superintendent of schools in charge of special services, Rena Mae Gibson, supervisor of health services, Dr. Byron B. Oberst, the doctor, and Robert C. Maynard, a *Washington Post* reporter. Mr. Chambers later wrote a position paper reflecting the tone of the discussion. "'Speed' for Slow Learners – Drug Tests on Omaha School Children" opens with general comments about what will be proved in the paper. A milder claim is, "We'll see school and medical personnel trying to do for the drug industry what the school lunch program tries to do for the farmers." He reached the fascinating conclusion that dope pushers should not be treated as criminals but as educational aides and medical assistants, for they have been modifying behavior and expanding minds for decades. He suggested that the term "minimal brain dysfunction" was coined to obscure the fact that "ghetto children are placed on drugs because their 'behavior' happens not to please some teachers or principal – who could be going through the 'change of life,'" and that the therapy is part of a plot by the AMA, banks, school systems, and the establishment to "dope the children into submissive zombies. . . ." Most of his charges were supported by random letters to the newspapers and calls by parents to radio talk shows, but he did quote a few doctors. He cited Dr. Lawrence Greenburg of Children's Hospital in Washington as saying, "Hyperactivity is a symptom. Your kid could be hyperactive and be perfectly normal." Oddly enough, Dr. Greenburg has been quite active in the research which is supposedly aimed at making ghetto children docile. After calling everyone whom he opposes on this problem "asinine," "weak-

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Harlan Vinnedge's *most recent* New Republic *article, "I'd Rather Be Hijacked," appeared Nov. 28, 1970.*

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kneed," or a "Nazi," Chambers concluded by asking, "Where are the doctors, lawyers, mayors, councilmen, congressmen, senators, state legislators and other 'responsible' people who talk so much about civic responsibility and 'law and order'? . . . If these 'silent-gutless' are examples of what is produced by 'behavior control' drugs, the vicious experiment can be seen for what it really is. . . ."

A major source for Mr. Chambers' position paper was the story in *The Washington Post* by Maynard. Even Mr. Chambers' wail of anguish over the "silent-gutless" politicians was distorted. One congressman responded to the *Post* article on the House floor the day it appeared, and several others followed him. Rep. Cornelius Gallagher (D, NJ) declared – or thundered as *Newsweek* later reported – that, ". . . On the basis of these considerations, Mr. Speaker, I am now commencing an investigation by my privacy subcommittee to determine if any federal funds whatsoever have been used in this monstrous project. . . . Incidents such as the Omaha test may be isolated; but taken together, they seem to represent the most concerted attack on our basic humanity ever mounted in the history of the world. . . . We owe such an effort to ourselves, and to all those of our children who one day may be victims of the Omaha test." Former Congressman Robert V. Denney (R, Neb.) released a statement on July 1 suggesting that the House Crime Committee should look at the problem if any evidence should develop that an addictive situation existed. Congressman John Ashbrook (R, Ohio) jumped into the confusion on July 21 after a number of newspaper and magazine stories had further raised the fear of Big Brother. "The case of Omaha" he said, "should be a first step in ascertaining why so many parents have in recent years been at loggerheads with their local educational systems over some new, innovative programs. Every detail of the Omaha program should and will be made public to effect proper evaluation and possible correction or elimination." In less than a month, the problem had changed. Originally, much concern was directed at the seeming secrecy of activities in Omaha; now it had become one of the symptoms of parental discontent with school systems across the country. Congressmen commented on the "Omaha test" in newsletters.

One newsletter found its way to a constituent of Representative Rarick who sent it on to the congressman with the suggestion that a bill be introduced, ending the federal participation in "Omaha" types of programs. The actual drafting of the bill was turned over to the Office of the Legislative Counsel which produced a 101-word bill that would not only have ended "Omaha" programs, but also much of the research in children's illnesses conducted by HEW, the National Institutes of Health, and jointly, by HEW and such groups as the Easter Seal Research Foundation.

The death of that bill should be the end of the story, but it is not. In opening his Right to Privacy Inquiry, Rep. Gallagher "thundered": "From the time of puberty onward, each and every child is told that 'speed kills' and that amphetamines are to be avoided. Yet this same child has learned that Ritalin is the only thing which makes him a functioning member of the school environment and both his family and his doctors have urged the pills on him. I am frankly very curious about the kind of credibility his parents have when they try to guide him away from the amphetamines after encouraging him to take them." He was not curious enough to have as a witness a parent who could answer that question. He explained his own interest by saying, "Public men must investigate the uses of science and research, and decisions must not be made solely on the expertise of those connected with a new technology. In the past we have tried to excise the potential toxic elements from the beneficial tonic of technology; that is the purpose of this hearing today." He demonstrated what he meant when he addressed a series of questions about federal funding of research on hyperkinetic children to Dr. Ronald Lipman, Chief, Clinical Studies Section, National Institute of Mental Health:

Mr. Gallagher. Could you answer this; are there dissenting studies going on funded by federal money?
Dr. Lipman. Are there what?
Mr. Gallagher. Dissenting.
Dr. Lipman. Dissenting?
Mr. Gallagher. Yes.
Dr. Lipman. We are supporting a number of grants. We don't know what their findings will be until the studies are completed.

And a little later, Congressman Gallagher mused, ". . . Where do we have some other dedicated scientist who may question this? That is the point. An adversary development may well produce a more valid opinion, no matter how dedicated the people may be." Although neither medical researchers nor parents of hyperkinetic children testified, the hearing did develop an important substantive point. The child who had originally drawn Miss Harris' concern had indeed been under treatment with drugs, but by a doctor and *with his parents' approval and agreement.*

As the hearing developed, what may be Congressman Gallagher's underlying concern became more evident. An effort was made to link the "Omaha experiment" to the suggestion by Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker that 6- to 8-year-olds be tested for violent and homicidal tendencies and to the genetic theory that the XYZ karyotype is an indicator of aggressive antisocial behavior. In seeing a plot developing, Gallagher felt it necessary to defend the kids under drug treatment, offering the comment that all kids are rowdy and ill-behaved at times. He missed the point that the drug therapies, normally only a part of the treatment, are neither designed for nor intended to be used as a substitute for family discipline.

Kids who generally adapt to the family and school

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environment but who may, from time-to-time, either challenge their surrounding environment or simply feel so good or so bad that they respond by raising a little hell are not of particular interest to the doctors, psychologists, teachers, social workers, physical therapists, etc. who are participating in exploring this, admittedly, still developing therapy. They are concerned with a group of kids who are regarded by their peers, most adults, and frequently their parents as spoiled, ill-mannered, uncoordinated, dumb, cruel, and generally rotten. The tragedy is that these kids realize they are being spoiled, ill-mannered . . .; would like to do something about it; but, for a variety of not-well-understood reasons, can't control their reactions.

Considerable experimental evidence shows amphetamines and some other drugs can help the child calm down to the point where he can begin to function comfortably in his environment. Although the mechanism by which this occurs and the long-term consequence of the therapy are still the subjects of continuing research, positive short-term results can be identified. As an example, I know of a small boy in the rural Midwest whose principal manifestation of his troubled state-of-mind is arson. When he is not taking the prescribed drugs and following the related therapeutic procedures, he sets fire to his house, his school, and, once, to a friend. For him there is little choice in therapies because the area in which he lives has neither special schools, institutions, nor any place where he could reasonably be confined. It may be that continued research in, and use of, these treatments can be justified until it is demonstrated that the adverse effects outweigh the positive results – particularly when the other alternative might be to lock up a 9- or 10-year-old boy.

Perhaps the legislators are not entirely to blame for attempting to make a political issue out of hyperkinesis. While the medical literature is filled with excellent reports, the scientists have not always considered their impact on the public. It is a little careless to write on "Management of Hyperkinetic and Handicapped Children" and to make a statement that "if you want something to work, you tell the mother this drug will really help behavior. And if she really wants his behavior to improve she'll come back and say, 'Oh yes, doctor, it was terrific.' She can talk herself into it, and teachers can do the same thing." One valuable source of information is the National Easter Seal Society. Their literature, directed toward the concerned layman, treats the subject from both doctors' and educators' viewpoints. A checklist of literature covering drug and nondrug oriented treatments is available from the National Easter Society for Crippled Children and Adults, 2023 W. Ogden Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

At any rate, Mr. Chambers' textbook campaign of innuendo not only won him the election and produced a bill in Congress but also introduced as an election issue a child whose mother can write of him that, "He wants desperately 'to be a good man' (his own words in introspective moments) and to be liked. . . ."

Government Aid Isn't the Issue

Should Catholic Schools Survive?

by John Deedy

Governor Nelson Rockefeller has come "very definitely" to favor state aid for religious schools. It seems inevitable. Court decisions align impressively. Transportation, textbooks, health care, shared time, general auxiliary services – these are constitutional, provided the proper safeguards are honored. There will likely be other breakthroughs: tax credits, salary supplements, perhaps voucher plans. The public sums allotted to parochial schools will grow; programs will expand. The realistic question seems to be "how much" and "how far" rather than "if," "when" and "why." It would take a High Court of Douglases to reverse the trend. But this is a time of Burgers and Blackmuns, of Nixonian preferences, and white middle-class ascendancy. They interrelate, and the parochial school is virtually certain to be a beneficiary.

The American Catholic Church, the principal operator of parochial schools, senses this of course, and despite the loud wails about bankruptcy and imminent doom it must be secretly optimistic. The church needs only to hang on long enough for the future of its school system to be assured – maybe not the whole parochial

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school system, but an appreciably large portion of it.

One reason why the odds must be on the parochial school's surviving is because, after all is said about political climates, court proclivities, justice, school quality and the merits of educational pluralism, the private parochial school system is a multi-billion dollar load off government's back – precisely $9 billion by the church's reckoning. You don't kick away $9-billion in times of tight money and deficit budgets.

Financial pragmatism, in a word, is helping resolve the old arguments on the side of the parochial school. Aid, substantial aid, seems so close you can almost count it. You know it must be close when the bishops of New York State waive their first, precious victory toward possible repeal of the restrictive Blaine Amendment, over which so much blood was spilled in the past, and throw their weight behind a parent-assistance bill – "structured," naturally, "in such a way as to comply with the limitations of the First Amendment." This is a bill which would award tuition allowances of up to $250 to parents for each child attending a non-public school. Is the bill constitutional? Probably, by its oblique strategy of aiding parents rather than a religious institution directly. Would it be costly to state and community? Yes. But still a bargain in terms of the cost and chaos were parochial schools to close suddenly and en masse.

Thus the seductive end result: everyone profits. But does everyone? Do Catholics in particular? Catholics should be the last to say yes too quickly. The school aid issue may prove a classic instance of a battle won at the expense of a war lost. For the evidence mounts that the parochial school may ultimately do to Catholic life in America what secularism, materialism and all secular devils combined could never do: sink the parish financially (large influxes of public funds notwithstanding), fracture further what is left of the cohesion and harmony of the Catholic community, and in the end subvert the fragile chances for renewal and reform of the American Catholic Church.

This scenario derives from the proposition that the parish, not the school, is the basic unit of church life. Its development is stunted, however, and its revitalization neglected. The factors are many, but they include in no small part the energies consumed in keeping parochial schools open, and the resultant bickering among Catholics themselves whether the schools are worth the price. Admittedly, not every parish has a parochial school. But 9000 do – 57 percent of all Catholic parishes in the United States. Very few would claim to be trouble free. Furthermore, every diocesan chancery has its school department, and it enjoys a primacy of status. Thus by one route or another, the priorities of concern belong to the school, not the unit without which neither school nor church has any hope of lasting; the parish is the distant cousin. The inversion of priorities is a major reason why so many doubts exist within Catholicism over parochial schools, and why there are so many divisions over aid to schools.

One of the tragedies of the post-Vatican II American Catholic Church – a tragedy hardly glimpsed from outside and not sufficiently appreciated inside – is the degree of tension which the parochial school has generated among large numbers of Catholics. Once a unifying bond, the school is now a source of conflict, a polarizer of Catholics. And it will continue to be a polarizer, one fears, since the issue transcends the levels of finances, public or private, of quality and most of the other sane categories for reaching a decision about the schools' future.

For conservatives, who have lost one tradition after another – from the Miraculous Medal Novena on Monday nights to the Latin Mass on Sundays – the parish school is the last strong link to the church they knew and loved. It is to be protected and preserved at all costs. For liberals, on the other hand, the parochial school is an octopus, sucking up more and more revenue to educate fewer and fewer of the Catholic school-age population, but more importantly, strangling energies and distracting attention which might more profitably be directed to the renewal of parish life. The pull between the two leaves in the middle only the blissfully detached, the *pro forma* Catholics for whom church might as well be supermarket for all it engages by way of feeling, emotion and commitment.

It is not these people, however, who determine the course and quality of parish life, except by indirection. It is the committed of left and right; and among them the intensity of feeling over the school issue is hard to imagine. It is an intensity which borders on the irrational and which can be dragged, however awkwardly, into every new issue of Catholic life. No isolated soul is the reader of the Baltimore *Catholic Review*, who registered her dissatisfaction with Cardinal Shehan's admirable concern for priests cited in the Harrisburg conspiracy indictments by demanding, "Where will the bail and defense money come from which places them in the cardinal's custody?" She added, "The cardinal, no doubt, will close down some more Catholic schools to get the money."

The comment is tendentious, maybe even nutty. It is indicative, however, of the passion within American Catholicism on the school issue, and it clichés beautifully the suspicion of the Catholic right that some grand conspiracy is afoot to do the Catholic schools in. But suspicions run in the opposite direction as well, and my own parish in Westchester County, NY, provides an unhappy example. We wasted a large part of last fall arguing over a small school checking account, and whether it would require one signature or two for the dispensation of its fund. The pastor, on being rebuffed, charged publicly that the parish school board, conservative in composition, "continues to think I am planning the closing of our school," and thereupon withdrew his writings from the parish Sunday bulle-

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tin. "Too few in the parish consider any words of mine honest, whether spoken or written," he announced. The impasse was resolved soon enough. The school board backed down; the pastor recovered from his pique; there was peace at Christmas. But it was an uneasy peace, for the bone of contention – the school – was still there to be fought over another day. Also, it was an embarrassed peace, because the incident laid bare the emotionalism on the school issue even among the soberest of Catholics. Such incidents can be multiplied across the United States, to the point where Catholics must ask themselves whether the schools are worth the contention they have become among the parish's best people, its activists.

Unfortunately, those who might be the leaven of a church in transition (and trouble) are less than helpful. The Catholic radical, who would summarily close all Catholic schools, is just as impractical as the counter-Council Catholic who would keep the schools open come hell or heartless landlord. Nor do Catholic liberals contribute much when representative liberal organizations, such as the National Association of Laymen (NAL), take the case against parochiaid before such predetermined, not to say biased, bodies as Americans United for Separation of Church and State. However well-founded the NAL position (it opposes bishops who seek aid for Catholic schools without first opening their records to taxpayers – which is fair enough), NAL's appearance there does nothing more than reaccent the diversity of opinion within Catholicism on the school issue. It does *nil* for tensions within the household.

Yet NAL is worried on a solid matter. Finances *are* a problem, and not necessarily because the bishops have not opened all the books. They are a problem because diocese and parish spend as compulsively and lavishly on schools as an addict does on "horse." Father George Elford of the National Catholic Educational Association wrote recently in *Commonweal* that the parish school is consuming 40 to 65 percent of the parish's total income. The estimate may be conservative. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* reported last November that the parochial school system of the Pittsburgh diocese "eats up some 80 percent of diocesan spending." In my own parish, education accounted for 71 percent of the $203,000 parish budget for the fiscal year ended August 31, 1970. Education, here, translates to a kindergarten and an eight-grade elementary school (current enrollment 333), and a religious instruction program for the parish's children in public school (enrollment 554). The parish school received $142,249; the religious instruction program, $3116. The school budget is out of all proportion to parish income and to the percentage of parish children educated.

Nationally the imbalances do not substantially improve, either with regard to financial outlays or to percentages of children educated. The National Catholic Education Association claims that 43 percent of all American Catholic children are in Catholic schools, but in the association's Washington office it is said privately that the figure is high. A Catholic newsman with a special interest in the subject offers an "educated guess" of between 30 and 35 percent.

The point is that at its highest or lowest percentage, the funds and energies needed to provide for less than half of the church's school-age population (itself but a fraction of the total church population) are disproportionate to what diocese or parish can afford, except by the most generous of public aid programs, and more particularly out of line in terms of their total responsibilities, actual or ideal. This is the crux of the question for many, many Catholics. The trouble with the modern American parish is that it is so school centered as to subordinate all other ends – worship, social apostolates on behalf of the aged and poor, everything. The school almost becomes the very reason for being. Belief gives way to unbelief, worship to indifference, service and witness to inaction. The school is all, or so nearly all as to threaten the primary institution of parish.

This fixation with the parochial school is understandable in a way. The schools are the last of the American Catholic Church's great works; after the church buildings themselves, they may be the last of the great signs of the Catholic Church's presence among the American people. The church's charitable and social roles have largely been assumed by government, minimized by social security, welfare, medicare, ADC and a host of other programs. Catholic colleges and universities are passing to the control of lay boards, and in some cases the colleges are dropping their distinctly Catholic names to something neutral and secular – Mount Mercy College in Pittsburgh, for instance, recently became Carlow College. Even Catholic hospitals are passing to secular directorships. The parochial school system is about all that's left, not so much to give the church something to do with itself between Monday and Saturday, as some cynics suggest, but to give it visibility and to keep alive within itself the sense of service so important to the psyche of any institution. Small wonder that church authority should want to cling to the schools. But it is to gain nothing to have the parish school solvent, its desks filled and the building itself in good repair, if nearby the pews of the church are emptying of adults and the general community loses the enrichment of the parish as social and spiritual force. This is the heart of the matter.

Finally, it is delusionary to believe that the larger public aid which is no doubt forthcoming will enable the American Catholic Church to have it both ways, that freedom from pressures in maintaining the school system will free the church for the task of reviving and energizing the parish. For one thing, it is doubtful whether aid will ever be so substantial that diocese and

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parish will be completely unburdened of financial worries of their schools. By no stretch of the imagination does aid portend total or near-total support; it is ancillary assistance by the most generous projections. In an era of declining church revenues – Protestant as well as Catholic – it could be fatal to count aid for more than what it is likely to be; in some instances, it may only be the difference between what is and what used to be by way of parish income. (My own parish, which is applying for $9000 in aid this year from Albany, suffered a $17,797 drop in collection and tuition receipts in 1969-70 from 1968-69.)

But even by the most flexible accounting system, even if aid, say, were 100 percent of school costs, it is uncertain whether aid would be a good thing for the Catholic parish as community. For in the last analysis it is the psychic cost, not economics, which is the critical factor. The more benelovent the public assistance the more frustrated the effort will be to renew the parish, since aid will leave the school still at the physical and emotive core of the parish – and still a bedeviler of priorities, if the history of the past few years means anything.

No one knows what the results would be if the priorities given the parochial school were given the parish and to concerns which should be characteristic of parish life. Urban attitudes in many areas might conceivably be different if Catholic parishes interested themselves as much in interracial justice as they do in parochial schools. Perhaps there could be a qualitatively different Catholic orientation toward peace, toward poverty, toward a number of neglected concerns. But for this to come about there must be a new focus of the parish itself.

None of all this is said easily. As a product of the parochial school system I owe it a debt; as one who once testified before a congressional committee in favor of aid, I owe myself considerations of intellectual consistency. But with a growing group of Catholics I feel that parochial schools have served their exalted purposes, that they are now hindrance rather than help to Catholicism.

An Economic Incentive for Winning the War?

Oiling the Escalator

by Gabriel Kolko

One of the most remarkable aspects of the US's decade-old intervention in Indochina is that it never developed an important, specific economic constituency that could only lose from total American withdrawal. On the contrary, the monumental impact of the war on inflation at home and the US's world monetary position made the war increasingly a danger to a profitable, cohesive social order. Aerospace contracts and dividends fell, and even napalm producers had no special interest in their deadly merchandise being employed in Indochina as opposed to some other hapless nation. Raw materials, a factor to which the Eisenhower Administration paid some (but by no means exclusive) attention when it decided to support the French, were predominantly in the neighboring states rather than Indochina itself. If the domino theory required saving every link in the chain for fear of losing it all, there was always reasonable doubt whether that dubious analogy adequately explained the nature of agrarian revolutions and Southeast Asia's inexorable fate. By 1968 the economic, military, and social costs of defending that doctrine appeared far too high not just to tens of millions of Americans but to a growing number of major business and financial leaders who endorsed the principle of US withdrawal in one way or another.

The absence of some immense economic incentive to attain victory and a politically significant economic force to sustain it, meant that Nixon's consistent strategy of protracted air and artillery war in Indochina could not in the long-run win political time at home during which to attempt to gain the ever-elusive military dominance in Indochina. This fact was a source of optimism, for never before has the US been ruled without the consent of the electorate *or* the leaders of the key centers of industrial and financial power. Today, however, this sanguine future estimate is profoundly in doubt. For there is now emerging the pos-

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sibility of a new economic bloc that could dangerously shift a vital portion of a hitherto neutral or hostile sector of big business and banking back into the strongly pro-war camp.

Indochina's main blessing, ironically, was that while it was known to be rich in agricultural commodities, until 1968 too little was known about its other resources to make it appear worth the costs to profit-oriented businessmen. For some years, however, American oil firms regarded Vietnam's offshore oil potential as promising. Only at the end of 1968, under the nominal auspices of the UN's Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE), what proved to be "highly successful" oil explorations began off Vietnam's southwest coast. By the following spring, still sponsored by ECAFE but with US funds, the oil search led to a 4000 mile seismic survey of the eastern and southern Vietnamese coast and the data were sold to an unidentified group of predominantly American firms.

This fruitful beginning took place as an oil bonanza atmosphere was building up throughout the East Asia offshore region, and as the US Navy's experts announced that the vast shallow areas running from Korea to Thailand might contain "potentially one of the most prolific oil reserves in the world." The oil was especially precious because it has a very low sulfur content, making it far less of a pollutant. By November 1969, when Leonard Unger, Ambassador to Thailand, testified to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, he casually mentioned "one very, very large development that may take place" in Thailand: six oil firms, five of them American, were busy exploring offshore with "pretty good hope of finding something."

Amidst growing industry predictions of a "blue-chip boom" for oil everywhere in Southeast Asia, "creating an atmosphere reminiscent of the Alaska-Yukon gold rush," to quote *Fortune*'s survey of the topic in March 1970, undiscussed incentives for military-political victory in Indochina were growing. The following month, David Rockefeller, chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank, estimated that the predominantly American international oil firms would spend $35 billion in Asia and the Western Pacific, mainly Southeast Asia, over the next 12 years. Meanwhile, further US explorations off Vietnam continued and estimates of immense future output in the region became more and more common. As the editor of *Petroleum Engineer* summed it up last June, "The projected work pace for all of Asian Pacific could turn out to be woefully conservative, depending on how long it takes to settle the war against the communists in Vietnam. If and when the US wins its objectives there, oil exploration conceivably could be successful enough to turn that part of the world into another South Louisiana-Texas-type producing area. This would be one of the biggest booms in the industry's history. It all depends on the Vietnam war, how long it takes to get the job done and how well the job is done."

The discovery of oil near Vietnam comes at a time when non-Far East producers are in the process of extracting higher royalties, the US has narrowly averted a fuel shortage, and the pollution crisis has led the Administration to consider taxing the sulfur content of oil. Today the US imports over one-fifth of its oil supply, but by 1985, reliable industry sources claim, imports could reach one-half the national consumption. "We are a great country largely because of our supply and use of energy," George A. Lincoln, chairman of Nixon's Oil Policy Committee stated earlier this year; "Without control of that energy supply, we could become a Samson shorn of his locks." Never has the incentive for the US to control a politically reliable, major petroleum region been greater. If Southeast Asia is to play that role, then the implications for the outcome of the war are monumental.

At the same time, Saigon has been locked in an insoluble economic crisis which has grown consistently worse since 1968. Inflation and speculation, which last fall's piastre devaluation only momentarily slowed, has continuously undermined the regime's authority and following in the urban areas, threatening to duplicate the Chinese experience of 1946-49 when Chiang possessed nominal physical control while the socio-economic fabric of society unravelled around him. The artificially stimulated and highly fragile urban sector is today largely dependent on a high rate of US military expenditures.

Nixon has never developed an economic equivalent of "Vietnamization" in the military sphere, a fact Ambassador-at-Large David Kennedy is expected to consider during his visit to Saigon this month. The President's current strategy of indefinitely fighting a protracted air and mechanized war does assume, however, an important reduction of US manpower and costs. Oil investments would partially compensate for this new economic vacuum, and it would gain the Administration what it has hitherto lacked: a politically and economically powerful constituency – the international oil firms – with a tangible vested interest in Indochina puppet regimes and a protracted war to consolidate US hegemony in the region. This constituency, which in this century has been the most important single economic element in influencing the conduct of American foreign policy in the Third World, can operate only where it attains the political prerequisites of economic activity. Since the process of oil development in new areas, from exploration to commercial production, usually takes a decade or longer, in the past US firms have not invested heavily in any region unless Washington has first assured them that their often large investments will ultimately be rewarded. This understanding is almost always explicit, and it is a better measure of the US's long-term intentions than any speech or platitude.

Washington has avoided specifying the exact type

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of economic order it wishes in Indochina, but the Asian Development Bank's recent report on the future of Southeast Asia in this decade offers some basic themes appealing to the Japanese-American alliance that controls it. Essentially, the Bank stresses the need to develop the raw materials export sectors via foreign investment, to modernize agriculture, and to fit Southeast Asia into a regionally integrated capitalist economy based preeminently on Japanese and Australian needs. The Bank explicitly recognizes this will require a "Korea solution" to the war, a solution the US would attain by reducing combat and its forces to a residual army of 25,000 or more until at least 1975. Such an Indochina, of course, completely prejudges the political and economic outcome of the war in favor of the present Saigon regime or something akin to it. So would a massive influx of US capital. It would also reveal, more candidly than its words, that the Administration has no intention of withdrawing from a major role in guiding the future affairs of Indochina and that, on the contrary, it is establishing a permanent presence. That role would require many years of combat and economic and human expenses – only eventually to end in failure.

The Thieu-Ky regime has grasped the significance of these possibilities and in recent months has adroitly attempted to deepen the American stake in its future as well as solve the potentially fatal economic illnesses it now confronts. During the summer of last year, Saigon divided its offshore waters into 18 immense blocks and then rewrote its investment laws to facilitate foreign entry on terms that will tempt even the most cautious investors. Last December 1 it issued a new oil law containing tax rates far lower than prevailing world standards, and it embarked on a public relations campaign to make what was admittedly a very promising situation look like, to quote Saigon sources, "one of the most spectacular oil deposits in the world." Explicitly releasing it in the context of an attack on a coalition-government solution to the war, Saigon has also just published *Doing Business in Vietnam* and is distributing it free in the US. It has successfully fed the speculative fever by announcing that individual firms have been attempting to obtain special rights, and far exceeded even foreign optimists in promising alluring riches. Then, at the end of December Saigon authorities declared they would begin accepting tenders for leases at the end of February, and within a month at least 22 firms – predominantly American – were in Saigon ready to offer bids. As Thieu's men never tire of pointing out, whether American business will reap the harvest depends on a regime ready to cooperate with the United States on most generous terms. Such a government precludes both a political settlement to the war and American withdrawal.

Although we cannot know the exact encouragement the Nixon Administration has given the oil firms, save via a congressional inquiry, outside the US there has been growing concern regarding this new and subtle phase of the war. In early January, Jacques Decornoy in *Le Monde* outlined the contours of the development and candidly asked what assurances Washington had given the oil firms. At the same time, the Sihanouk government denounced Phnom Penh's important new concessions to the Thais and US oil firms, and Stockholm's respected *Dagens Nyheter* at the end of January also linked the published economic facts to their obvious political dimensions, speculating that Washington must have urged the oil firms to gamble on Saigon. Then, on February 7, Agence France Presse's Moscow correspondent reported a Soviet official assessment which assigned to the discovery of oil a large role in shaping US policy in Indochina since early 1970. And at the end of the month, the Provisional Revolutionary Government announced that it would not recognize Saigon's oil concession. So far, no major American news outlet has yet deigned to analyze the political significance of oil in Indochina.

Should Congress, the press, and the people eventually consider the implications of massive oil investments to the future of the war, its first effect will be to expose further Nixon's claims to favor US withdrawal, for economic penetration will require what is tantamount to a US colony and a war that can only escalate without hope of an end. No doubt those who oppose the war will press for a ban on US investments that the Administration can only protect at the cost of future massive expenditures of Vietnamese and American blood. And it is likely that oil firms that take leases will find themselves replacing the napalm manufacturers as the object of the antiwar movement's wrath – a fact that will be of more material consequence as young people become angrier and more desperate. If major oil firms decide the war is still worth the gains, and actively back Nixon's undertaking, then the balance of political forces within the US will be very different than in March 1968 when, according to Townsend Hoopes' account, major financial and industrial interests prevailed on President Johnson not to further escalate manpower in Vietnam for fear of aggravating the already sagging health of the economy and society.

We are now on the verge of a development that could transform a war that was initially based less on tangible considerations of economic gain than it was on ideological and strategic assumptions that had only a quite indirect economic component. Should economic spoils replace the desire to maintain a credible military image and contain revolution as the source of American conduct in Indochina, adding a powerful new domestic constituency to Nixon's present fragile, emotional following, the dangers confronting antiwar forces and the peace of Indochina and the world may prove incalculable.

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A Nonchalant Revolution

Sweden's Liberated Men and Women

by Steven Kelman

On a wall in the downtown offices of the The Swedish Institute, an official government body which among other things helps foreign visitors find their way, there hangs a large color poster showing a sensuous-looking woman smoking a cigar. Superimposed at the top is the flashy come-on: "Girls Are Not Supposed To Smoke Cigars. What Else Is It That They're Not Supposed To Do?" And below, in smaller letters: "A girl is not supposed to think that she is anything, except a girl. A girl is not supposed to take charge of anything. A girl is not supposed to care about getting a lengthy education, because in the end she'll just want to get married and be home with the children. A girl is not going to go into a technical career, so she should study art, history or literature. They're much more ladylike, and give her a general background."

Then the punchline: "The prejudices are many. But it's possible to break them." The poster was a product of the Swedish Royal National Labor Market Board and the Ministry of Education.

During the past ten years a small number of women and men – no more than 25 – has managed without so much as a mass demonstration or burnt bra to get both the government and most of the influential private institutions in Sweden to adopt a program for women's liberation which almost could have been drawn up by Kate Millett. But the message Swedish public schools now teach, and the demand Swedish trade unions now bargain for, is broader than women's lib. It's *men's* lib as well. Thus, in 1967 the "Trade Union Women's Council" changed its name to the "Trade Union Family Council." "Equality between the sexes is a matter that concerns men just as much as women," it announced in appointing men to fill four of the nine positions on its board. The Swedes consider the phrase "women's liberation" an American barbarity and instead use the more neutral and clinical term, "sex-role debate" *(konsrolldebatten)*.

Rarely has a social revolution been launched with such nonchalance. In 1961 members of a discussion group called the Young Liberals signed a publishing contract to write a series of essays on a number of social issues "without ideological blinders." The group assigned Miss Eva Moberg, daughter of one of Sweden's most famous novelists and a 29-year-old doctoral candidate in literary history, to write the article on the status of women. "It was just a matter of chance," she recounts now. "But after thinking about the whole thing a good deal, I hit upon two points of departure. The first was that the discussion of the woman's right to go out into the labor market was incomplete, because it assumed that the working woman would continue to fill a double role – both as member of the labor force and as housewife – while men would continue to play only one role. The second point was that qualities of warmth and tenderness were not just good for women, but good for men as well."

The essay, called "The Conditional Emancipation of Women," plunged Eva Moberg into what by Swedish standards was a raging debate. Publications from the theoretical organ of the powerful blue-collar labor federation to the Swedish equivalent of *TV Guide* reviewed it. She was called upon to defend her ideas in television debates and in the cultural pages of leading newspapers. A year later, several prominent Swedish and Norwegian sociologists issued a thick book – financed, interestingly enough, by the business-backed Federation for the Study of Industry and Society (SNS) – of scholarly studies entitled *Women's Life and Work*. The volume ran over 550 pages, was filled with obscure charts and tables – and the first printing sold out almost immediately.

One of Eva Moberg's first converts was Mrs. Annika Baude, a vivacious political scientist who was working for the publicity department of SNS and had been recently divorced. Although her husband had been "very enlightened in other areas," she said, "he was a real traditionalist when it came to sex roles. He had no objection to my going out and working, but he just assumed that I would do all the housework and raise the kids by myself as well. I resented this, although I never thought through the social implications of my resentment."

Annika Baude was a useful convert, if for no other reason than that she owned a large house in an upper-class Stockholm neighborhood, suitable for pleasant

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get-togethers with members of the opinion-making elite. Soon a cozy group of liberated men and women began gathering regularly at her home. Various representatives of the mass media were invited, one by one or in small groups, always numerically overwhelmed by the enlightened minds who graced Mrs. Baude's living room.

Eva Moberg went on a speaking tour throughout Sweden. Different members of the group got jobs with various official bodies dealing with women's questions, such as the Women's Labor Market Board and the Ministry of Education. With Swedish precision and orderliness, the sex-role Mafia arranged meetings and conferences all over the country, to inform public school teachers, trade union officials, social workers and the general public of the new gospel. By 1965 the battle, if it could be called that, was over. "The victory almost came too quickly," Mrs. Moberg says. Today no politician dares express "reactionary" ideas on women's liberation in public. When the mayor of Stockholm casually mentioned in the course of a budget debate at the end of 1969 that it might be cheaper for industry to recruit more foreign workers rather than hire so many women, his remark received headline treatment in the press and ridicule from all sides.

One of the first targets of the Mafia was government grants for day-care-center construction, which had been stagnating since the late fifties. The Trade Union Women's Council was the main pressure group. (Among other things, the trade unions provide the ruling Social Democrats with most of their campaign funds.) In the last five years of the sixties, government grants for day-care centers increased by 700 percent. The government adopted the official view that centers for children three years and older were a positive good, and not just a parental convenience. "We have studies," Family Minister Camilla Odhnoff told me, "which show that children raised in day-care centers tend to show better psychological adjustment and verbal ability than those raised at home."

A second major reform was the introduction of individual income taxation as of last January. Families where both members work will no longer be penalized by high rates of marginal taxation, thus removing a major economic disincentive to women working. (To ease the pain for families where only the husband works, the new system also incorporates a tax credit for housewives who stay home.)

Perhaps the most far-reaching social change, now in the discussion stage, is an increasing emphasis on part-time work for both sexes, so that both partners can devote more time to family responsibilities. The trade unions are scheduling a special conference to discuss the question. Already, however, the government has distributed an official circular to all its employees, informing them that henceforth they will be allowed to work part time on request, if they have young children at home. The Royal Labor Market Board also recently issued a series of circulars, explaining to workers what social benefits are available to those with part-time jobs.

The government has been preparing a major reform in public school organization and curriculum. Shortly before the final edition of the basic elementary and junior high school curriculum was to go to press, Annika Baude dropped by the Ministry of Education on some other mission, and inquired in passing what the new curriculum plan said about sex roles. "We went and took a look," Education Minister Invgar Carlsson recounts. "It turned out to be quite unsatisfactory," and so the plan was sent back for reworking. The new version states, "In its work, the school [must] counteract traditional sex-role attitudes and stimulate pupils to debate and question the differences between men and women in influence, work responsibilities, and wages which exist in many areas of society. . . . Information about sex-role questions must be given at all levels of instruction." Wood shops and sewing are being made compulsory for both boys and girls. (Courses in home economics and baby care have been so for almost 20 years.)

In 1964 the Labor Market Women's Board commissioned a survey of sex stereotypes in lower-level social studies textbooks. (Although 90 percent of the textbook industry is privately owned, a government council must approve any textbook before it can be used in public schools. "If they don't fill the demands of the curriculum regarding sex roles," states Carlsson, "they won't get approved.") The 1962 edition of a social studies textbook designed for grades eight and nine contained the line, "What kinds of things can a boy with real mechanical interests do in his spare time? And what can a girl who likes to take care of other people do?" "A boy" and "a girl" are replaced in the 1965 edition by "a person." A seemingly inoffensive picture in one popular reader of an aproned mother baking cookies with her children was censored out, and replaced by scenes which include father cooking breakfast oatmeal. This past spring the Education Ministry instituted two experiments in modified sex quotas, involving male admission to colleges training nursery school teachers and female acceptance into high school vocational training programs in data processing.

When Betty Friedan visited Sweden a few years ago, she exclaimed, "Here you can even discuss women's emancipation with an elevator operator in Gothenburg." Swedish post offices feature bright posters showing male and female letter carriers, advertising for "work opportunities, full and part time, for men and women." A cartoon in an introductory pamphlet for new immigrants to Sweden, shows a man and a woman with an equal sign between them. "It is common in Swedish families," the text reads, "for both husband and wife to go out to work. . . . It is the

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accepted thing for husband and wife to divide up chores between them."

To move from the world of women's lib, US-style, – with its shrill cries of "male chauvinism" – into the calm world of Swedish debate, is quite an experience. Sweden's liberated women go out of their way to express concern for the lot of us poor males. One essay in *Women's Life and Work* sets the tone: "The stronger demands on the boy and the man to take care of himself, to be hard and aggressive, not to show feelings, create for them problems of adaptation which are expressed in relatively higher criminality, lower average length of life, greater risk of nervous breakdown, greater tendency to commit suicide." "Think of a man being condemned to eat horrible food all his life, just because his wife can't cook!" Annike Baude once said to me. Mrs. Baude wants adult education classes to teach men "how to handle their everyday lives." "Why do you think so many marriages used to become loveless?" she asks. "It was because traditional sex-roles implied that men and women hardly shared any common bonds beyond physical attraction. A man had his manly interests and a woman her womanly interests – so it was natural that husbands preferred to be out with the boys, and wives with other women. Thus the couple drifted apart. Eliminate stereotyped sex-roles, and you bring those spheres of common interest into greater congruence. I read recently that women's lib in America had proposed a 'love strike' to get their demands. They must be crazy!"

My initial reaction when they told me about coed instruction in home ec and shop was that the kids would resent it and the teachers would regard it as a bureaucratic concoction. Arriving at the Bodal School, a combined elementary and junior high school in the Stockholm suburb of Lidingo, I told the principal that I planned to ask the 13-year-old boys in home ec whether they didn't think it was unmasculine to learn to cook, and the girls in shop whether whittling and sawing wood weren't unfeminine.

"They will find your question strange."

"Strange?"

"Yes. I think they will find what they're doing completely natural."

When I came into a seventh grade home ec class, 15 boys and girls were standing around two large stoves, boiling eggs in preparation for making Swedish open-faced sandwiches. "Why do you think that boys never learned how to cook and wash dishes before?" I asked one kid, who was wearing a pastel blue apron and a sailor's cap.

"I don't know. But it was stupid that they didn't teach us."

"So you won't mind helping your wife with the housework when you grow up?"

"Why should I?"

After the class the teacher showed me a textbook the class used. One page had a drawing of a "girl's room" and a "boy's room." The "girl's room" had a sewing machine, the "boy's room" a globe. The "girl's room" had a mirror on the wall, the "boy's room" a study lamp. "The pupils raised a storm about these pictures, even without my bringing it up," the teacher said. "They're very conscious of this whole movement."

So much for seventh graders. A week or so later I met with Annika Baude's three teenage children and a group of their friends. They told me that it was common in Stockholm for girls to ask boys out on dates, although this hasn't spread to other parts of the country. However, it was still the boy who made the first move sexually, and the girl's role to say "stop." "I think that different people are attracted to different personality traits," concluded a girl. "You might love people who are soft, or people who are tough. But these traits shouldn't depend just on what sex you are. It should depend on the individual. There should be tough women and soft men."

Viljot Sjoman, who directed and became a millionaire from *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, thinks of his movie as a manifesto for women's liberation: "Lena says in the film that she is just as good as any man. She has the same desire to participate in politics. She has the same right to sexual pleasure. She even boasts how she's had 23 boys. Lena is a militant feminist." The weekly *Damernas Värld* (Women's World) goes out of its way to run pieces about a divorced man who has custody of his two children, or of a 26-year-old girl who decides to return to school to learn office-machine repairing.

Does everybody in Sweden agree? Not quite. "I'm not sure if we have a silent majority," I was told, "but there is certainly a silent minority." Last winter, Family Minister Odhnoff got into trouble for a statement she was quoted as making to the effect that "the mother at home castrates the child in its development. A child will never learn to be independent as long as it has a mother constantly doting over it." It later turned out that a reporter had made up the quotation, but before the incident got cleared up an angry mother filed a complaint with the *ombudsman* charging Odhnoff with a "racial slur" against housewives. Women now attend high school and college in almost the same percentage as men, but they still choose technical and scientific courses less often. Large numbers of women are in the labor force but are concentrated in the service, secretarial and welfare sectors. Equal pay for equal work has been introduced, but women still tend to have the low-paid jobs.

What has been taking place in Sweden is the first steps of a revolution – not the revolution itself. "What we have gotten in the sixties, and that's important enough, is the *commitment* to change," a man on the Trade Union Family Council says. I kept asking Swedes whether they thought there was a danger of the whole thing ending in a uniform, sexless disaster. None did.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

A Doll's House
Hedda Gabler
(Playhouse)

Slag
(Public Theater)

The battle for Ibsen has been waged well by a few critics in the last generation, the fight to free him of the trappings of the Social Problem playwright, to reveal him as a Faustian poet for whom social problems are only the visible data of larger struggle. By now every college student should, or could, know that *Ghosts* is not about syphilis and *Rosmersholm* is not about politics. What is emerging now, from this rightly revised view, is the stature of Ibsen as hero.

The artist-hero, of the last century and this, is the artist who not only has the vision and courage to oppose the currents of his time; he also sees that, by his faith to his vision, he is imperiling the very art in which he expresses that vision, is testing the survival-power of his art; and knows he must proceed – as Joyce did with the novel and Picasso with easel painting.

In his early verse dramas, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, one hears Ibsen saying to the theater, "Serve the freedom in me or die." The theater did neither; *Brand* had to wait almost twenty years for production, *Peer Gynt* eleven, and the old theater persisted. So Ibsen (one may say in a simplified way) decided to strike for freedom from within the old forms, using the skills he had acquired in the entertainment theater from his many years as a director. He began to do his revolutionary work within the shape of the well-made play.

The result is a combination of tedium and fire, a mode of obeisance to Scribbean mechanics as his passport for a voyage into truth. What a lot of *arrangements* in these two plays under review, what a lot of fussing just to get the right people for a scene on stage together, what trickery to convey information and delay discoveries. But the predominant sense in them is that Ibsen was challenging these forms as he used them, was demonstrating that they were inadequate to new consciousness, to new demands on the idea of art itself.

A Doll's House and *Hedda Gabler* are now playing alternate weeks with the same company at the Playhouse in New York. The first play is a clanking piece of stage machinery for seven-eighths of its length, fairly indistinguishable from other domestic dramas of the day except for the famous tarantella scene. The real difference, of course, is the last scene: in itself, plus the fact that it was written in 1879.

That last scene is retroactively explosive, in two intertwined ways. A seemingly conventional marriage has moved to a contradiction of its social conventions; a seemingly conventional play has moved to a contradiction of its theatrical conventions. Everything we have seen up to the last scene becomes different after we have seen the end; the conclusion doesn't merely conclude, it alters *the whole work*. The play can be seen as a struggle against the niceties of theater carpentry, along with its struggle against strangulation by the niceties of marriage.

In some degree *Hedda Gabler* is the same work re-thought and re-cast twelve years later. Ibsen's beating at the form of the play can be sensed, this time, from the start. Hedda seems imprisoned in its one-two-three-four sequence of scenes, as much as in the one-two-three-four sequence of the hours of her existence; one feels she wants to tear the linear shape of the play as well as of her life, because one mimics the other. The theme now is not equal marital respect and dignity but the sources from which the disrespect originally comes; the quality of a civilization, the sterilities in it that make a sterile life-style its apogee, that warp and embitter its best people. Hedda keeps saying she is bored, but the truth of the matter is that she is numbed, a paralyzed idealist. To triumph over this society requires a titan; to see what is wrong with it, to hate it, and yet *not* to be a titan is to be Hedda. The dammed energy in her gets perverted into diabolic romanticism, with death, decked in vine leaves, as the ultimate purity.

In the present productions, what do we get of these two complex plays? A spoiled, flibbertigibbet wife who suddenly becomes a premature member of Women's Lib; and an idle, vindictive fool, whose neurosis drives her lover to death and herself to suicide.

Basically this is the fault of the director, Patrick Garland, who has slammed these two plays on to the stage as if they were workaday revivals of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* for a summer tour. (During an intermission in *A Doll's House*, one of this country's best Ibsen scholars told me he thought he could hear Garland at rehearsals, saying, "Let's pick up those cues, kids.") On the conceptual level, these productions simply don't exist; and in terms of felicitous staging, they are ludicrous. For just one example: when Helmer makes his first entrance in *A Doll's House*, he comes downstage center to Nora, and they *stand* there, close together, face to face, talking that way for at least a full minute, in the middle of their own living room. I expected them to burst into "Sweethearts," with full orchestra, at any moment.

Claire Bloom has almost always been good in films, intelligent, fresh, true. She might have played a good Nora under a director who saw what she was leaving out (the subtext under the first seven-eighths that connects the play to its conclusion) and the falseness she was inserting. Her chance of success with Hedda was much slighter and her failure there is much greater. She lacks stature and command, any of the authority that comes from concealed torment. Her speech has lost some of its distinction, her voice has lost a great deal of its flexibility, and she settles for a number of unsubtle readings. When Lövborg and Mrs. Elvsted are about to seat themselves, Hedda says coyly, "I want to sit *between* you," with all the subtlety of a truck.

And some of the casting is odd. Patricia Elliott, the Mrs. Linde and Mrs. Elvsted, not only gives better performances than Miss Bloom (admittedly in easier parts) but towers over her physically. When Hedda affectionately calls Mrs. Elvsted "little idiot," she's addressing someone who not only is stronger but taller.

Donald Madden, the Helmer and Tesman, is a puzzle, the wrong kind: where did such an old-fashioned actor

(Continued on page 33)

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Saul Maloff: A Neglected Presence

Journey From the North Autobiography of Storm Jameson

(Harper & Row; $15.00)

Storm Jameson, whose name is not likely to evoke anything more than the dimmest memory, is a special, honorable, melancholy case of a writer who has all her long life toiled in the vineyards and reaped for her pains a harvest of neglect, disdain, indifference; at best and infrequently a grudging left-handed acknowledgement, and even then more of her persistent presence than of her achievement. The statistics are awesome: Miss Jameson is 80 years old; in the past 50 years she has written perhaps as many novels, not to mention her other writings, which are voluminous; and now, lest we forget, she has presented us with an autobiography of staggering dimensions – nearly 800 closely printed pages – which could have gone on forever had she abandoned her mind to it. If she were merely a prolific hack or an ambitious and driven scribbler, she could be dismissed with contempt and her autobiography turned to for such interest as we may have in cautionary tales. But (as she repeatedly admits) though she has written far too much far too fast, and lived from one publisher's advance to the next, she isn't a hack. She is one of those formidable English women of letters: each season brought a new Storm Jameson; each was intelligent, easily competent, but reaching for more than it could attain; each new one came gradually to seem posthumous; and at 80 she is still writing, inexhaustibly, with a girl's vigor.

Journey from the North (she's a Yorkshirewoman from the North Riding seaport of Whitby) is a strange book, not at all an autobiography in the usual sense. The spaces between important episodes are left vacant; important episodes are treated sketchily, with a brush stroke; names are withheld, the name even of her first husband, the antagonist of a wretched marriage. Landscape, especially of her beloved France and native North, is treated with painterly, luxuriant detail; but friendships which she again and again claims to be the most important and sustaining of her life are merely listed. Guy Chapman, the writer and historian and her husband of many years, appears mainly in the role of traveling companion. People – emotionally significant people – are there to be visited or lunched with as she is en route to somewhere else, another landscape awaiting the virtuosity of her pen. Like V. Sackville-West, who once said she preferred dogs and gardens to people, Miss Jameson prefers places, which excite her richest feeling and best writing. Why not? – because novels are not primarily about landscapes, and she is a novelist.

Pittsburgh, for God's sake, where she and her husband spent a year as visiting lecturers at the university – even Pittsburgh emerges in her memory as a city of epic splendor, though its citizens remain spectral. A deep, native reticence prevents her from getting to the quick of her experience, despite her announced purpose to do so.

Instead the book gets away from her and becomes something more interesting than yet another report from deep down and inside – a remarkable record of a woman driven helplessly to write and write and write, book after book, version after version, books between books, notebooks and journals in

Other Lives

You see them from train windows
in little towns, in those solitary lights
all across Nebraska, in the mysteries
of backyards outside cities—

a single face looking up,
blurred and still as a photograph.
They come to life quickly
in gas stations, overheard in diners,

loom up and dwindle, families
from dreams like memories too
far back to hold. Driving by
you go out to all those strange

rooms, all those drawn shades,
those huddled taverns on the highway,
cars nosed-in so close they seem
to touch. And they always snap shut,

fall into the past forever, vast lives
over in an instant. You feed
on this shortness, this mystery
of nearness and regret—such lives

so brief you seem immortal;
and you feed, too, on that old hope –
dim as a half-remembered
phone number – that somewhere

people are as you were always
told they were – people who swim
in certainty, who believe, who age
with precision, growing gray like

actors in a high school play.

Vern Rutsala

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preparation for books. From the beginning, she was tooled for writing. A mere child, she wrote a book-length study of Blake for an undergraduate honor's thesis without (by her own admission) knowing how to write, or anything about Blake. She experienced the world directly as language; the flux of her life instantly became words. Writing was the act she couldn't stop herself from performing. Repeatedly she speaks of her "detestable habit of always turning emotions into phrases," as if none of it was real until it was written. When she was notified of the grotesque death of her adored younger sister, she finished the sentence she'd been writing when the news came before breaking down – "like the body of a decapitated hen," she writes, "my brain went on twitching for several minutes." She gave birth reading *Anna Karenina*. At a turning-point in her life, during one of those little devastating wars that precede divorce, she scourged her husband ("an abominable scene," she calls it, and no doubt it was) with "indecent sarcasms" – and then wrote them all down for use in a novel. When her lawyer converted into legalese some phrases in a divorce document she'd drawn up, she was outraged. "Did the fellow know whose style he was correcting?" She put off her anguish until night, so that during the day, "tranquil or happy," she could stay hard at work; and only then did she allow herself the diversion of tears. Not even then: dissolved in tears, she "imagined biting phrases" and, pencil tremulously in hand, transcribed them into rough drafts. Consumed with jealousy, riven by anguish, she records, on the back of an envelope, that under certain conditions of extreme emotion, her throat closes against bread, that she can with difficulty swallow tea but not solid food, and that her tongue thickens and becomes dry. She was, as she says, in the appropriate tongue, "une machine à faire des livres."

But what phrases does she turn emotions into, and what books can phrases so hewn make? However disabling the shyness and diffidence she speaks of in personal life, she writes with the fluency of one who has never stammered over a syllable, of a writer whose pen has never hovered uncertainly over a word – she moves not in small faltering steps, but in great lunging strides that cover acres of ground at a bound. Except for the closely observed and finely fashioned descriptive passages, the writing borders on runaway garrulity, the spillage of an overpowering talker. Characters vanish before they've asserted themselves; scenes get lost in the making: digressions flood intentions – but none of it matters: there's always another landscape, another event, a country to visit, a meeting to attend. (Miss Jameson was a key official of P.E.N. and did immensely valuable work in helping exiled writers before and during World War II.) The decibel level of the voice is often – characteristically – piercingly shrill. Tears are "corrosive"; they are "blinding and scalding." She has the grip on life of a "savage beast"; and to amuse and distract a crying child she "tore herself in half." This failure of emotional and stylistic control is a constant feature of her writing; nowhere is it more painful than when she speaks of her "pathological hatred of domestic life" and "frantic need to be free." The most ordinary occasion can trigger torrential hysteria: moving out of a hotel into a flat brings on a "black suffocating wave of nausea, revulsion and all but ungovernable terror that submerged me, again and again, night after night, like a piece of driftwood tossing in the North Sea."

The compulsion to write is experienced as a rampant disease, the malaise worsened by the lifelong sense of mistaken vocation. Recurrently, she felt she would have been a better don, or scholar, or critic, something she might have done better; often she's afflicted with a "deep . . . contempt for novel-writing as a serious use of energy and intellect"; always she feels she is a "novelist *faute de mieux*." No doubt in part for these reasons she was attracted to the *roman fleuve* – thick, square, solid, serious to a fault; and took as her subject nothing less than Europe in torment. In the very act of writing her confidence was undermined by her critic's sense that the great thundering themes required the hand of writers she reveres – Stendhal, Tolstoy, Malraux. There lies the pathos of this eerie, fascinating, embarrassing and finally depressing book – itself a kind of *roman fleuve* – with its central portrait of a self-acknowledged "minor writer" always just out of her depth who could never stop herself going deeper and deeper until she drowned; who wanted, she says, no greater epitaph than "Here Lies an Accomplished Writer," which she most assuredly is.

Robie Macauley: An Old Bugaboo Revisited

Vandenberg
by Oliver Lange

(Stein and Day; $6.95)

The interesting thing about *Vandenberg* is not so much that it's an above-average thriller, or that it is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, or that it is most likely on the way to the best-seller list but that it has every chance of being voted Best Nightmare of the Year by the John Birch Society.

The scene opens on Eugene Vandenberg and his mentally retarded sixteen-year-old son Kevin. They are taking what seems to be a vacation camping trip in the Sangre de Cristo mountains in New Mexico – an introduction that prepares us for a story of sheer Outdoorsmanship to rival James Dickey's claim as everybody's favorite Leatherstocking. But Vandenberg, as we learn when three of his friends ride into his camp, is no vacationer. He is an escapee from a detention center and is wanted for murder. Abilene Trixier and the two chicanos have come, as they eventually tell him, to enlist Vandenberg in a scheme to blow up the walls of that detention center.

What is the *res*, then, in whose *medias* we so puzzingly tied ourselves? Well,

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JOHN V. LINDSAY CAN BRING AMERICA TOGETHER AGAIN

One of John Lindsay's most significant achievements which apparently has captured the imagination of the rest of the nation has been his ability to break down the barriers between white, black, and Spanish-speaking Americans, and to earn the respect of the non-white population of the inner city. Like the late Senator Robert Kennedy, he went into their neighborhoods and showed that he cared and understood their problems. He went to places where, and at times when, few white men —certainly few public officials — would have dared go. John Lindsay can bring America together again.

In March, 1965, Congressman Lindsay asked for an end to our country's involvement in Vietnam, and predicted that the war would produce division at home and drain our resources. He believes that we must stop the war now—so that we can begin to save our cities. He says that it is unfair for the residents of our major cities because they pay 50% more in taxes to support the war than for their city budgets.

There are those who, either out of fear or calculated political cynicism, believe that we can stop crime and violence by erasing the Bill of Rights. Last year, the United States Senate passed a bill which permits the police to knock down the door of a citizen's home without any warning in a search for drugs. Not one Senator voted against it. John Lindsay opposed this bill. The House passed a "defense facilities" bill which permits federal inquisition into the political beliefs of private citizens employed by private industry. John Lindsay called this bill a direct repudiation of Supreme Court protection for political beliefs and association. The House passed a crime bill for Washington, D.C. so indifferent to the Constitution, that Senator Ervin, one of the Senate's leading conservatives, called it "a garbage pail of some of the most repressive, nearsighted, intolerant, unfair, and vindictive legislation that the Senate has ever been presented . . . a broad-scale repudiation of our constitutional traditions." Only John Lindsay openly attacked the repressive legislation which constitutes the most significant threat to individual rights and liberties since the McCarthy era.

New realities, political, social, and economic, require new priorities. For the past decade, John Lindsay has led the fight to get federal and state governments to commit their massive resources and energy to end poverty, drug abuse, and pollution; and to guarantee all Americans a chance for a higher education, a good job, and decent housing. He believes that the battle to turn our economy around must be a national fight. "We must harness our technology to create a new society," he says, "and commit our technology to environmental reconstruction." Several years ago, he called for the establishment of a national income maintenance program to replace the welfare system, and it included comprehensive programs for social services, work incentives, and job training. In 1967, he urged the federal government to provide emergency relief for our cities.

Our cities represent the future. If we lose them, we lose the chance to realize our best hopes. Mayor Lindsay seeks to mobilize the resources of his city to build a total system of crime-fighting machinery, from the maximum use and deployment of the police force to reforming the courts and correctional institutions, but he knows that New York and every other American city cannot provide the services its people want because our cities do not have the money to pay for them. While millions of dollars are being spent for destruction in Indo China, and while millions and millions of additional dollars are lost every month by waste and inefficiency in the Pentagon, the Nixon Administration tells us that there is no money for job training, remedial education programs are phased out, funds for medical care are slashed, and neglect and decay plague our streets and neighborhoods. John Lindsay wants to change this trend.

This time, the people of America can make a difference. In the face of the challenges around us, concerned citizens can translate hope into reality. John V. Lindsay offers an America that guarantees justice, equality, and hope for all. As concerned Americans, as concerned Democrats, we need your help. Help us work for the nomination of John V. Lindsay at the 1972 Democratic National Convention. Together, we can make John Lindsay President of the United States.

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some time in the '70s, the Soviet Union made a sneak attack on Washington, neatly and quickly wiping out its whole population. With its leadership gone, the country was helpless. The Soviet troops airlifted over the pole found almost no resistance. As a matter of fact, when it was discovered that the Soviets were benevolent conquerors (they let us keep Thanksgiving and the World Series) everybody was relieved to have the thing over with.

The sulky, spoiled hippies and the SDS caved in quietly; all the wind went out of the black militants at once. Only the FBI resisted bravely. Most of the population regarded the affair as something like a change from Democratic to Republican administrations, and only a few malcontents remained to be rounded up for the re-education centers. Vandenberg, a misanthropic painter who lived on an isolated ranch and who was given to drinking and grousing in bars, was picked up and sent to a center at Cowles, NM.

How could all this have happened? The answer is the heart and message of the book. Americans were – but the pseudonymous novelist obviously means to say *are* – "the most tractable, malleable . . . spineless people to walk the face of the earth." Our symbol, the Statue of Liberty, says Vandenberg, has become "a vacuously grinning old whore" and we have choked on "our own vintage distillation of apocalyptic horseshit – all the narcissistic swill about indomitable spirit, invincibility, courage and nobility of purpose. . . ."

There is a good deal more angry rhetoric of this sort but, when Vandenberg tries to explain the nearly-total moral collapse of America, his notions are incoherent. We are, he says (borrowing a term from Robert Ardrey, who borrowed it from Jean-Jacques Petter) a society of *noyau*, "a society of inward antagonism." Except to echo Ardrey's example of the France of 1940, Vandenberg doesn't bother to explain what this means.

Instead of pinpointing the fact (he does remark that he was bored by Lyndon Johnson, thinks Kennedy would have made "a great Republican president," but prefers Barry Goldwater) he keeps violently insisting on the gutlessness and subservience of Americans and provides little evidence for doing so, even in narrative terms. The few times when Vandenberg's generalized hatred for society and people does come into focus are instructive, however. At one point in his interrogation, he is asked about his attitude toward blacks and he is careful to insist that he is not a racist. Thereupon he proceeds to describe a black he once knew – significantly, the only black who is ever personified in the book:

> There was this big black writer. . . . He sensed I didn't buy him, and so he didn't think much of me either. He'd been on the marches and Jesse Jackson was a hero of his. . . . He'd pushed pot in Haight-Ashbury . . . and he'd been in and out of stir in a dozen states. He had the Peace-Allah syndrome. He had a kid traveling with him, a St. John's College girl . . . one of those brassiereless handmaidens of destiny. Sulky-mouthed. Tall and rangy-bodied, and blown clean out of her Terre Haute skull by that great big chocolate cock. . . .
>
> I dug him for a crybaby who was so hung up on that pelt of his that he couldn't think of anything else. That plastic bastard not only expected the world to love him, he wanted it to support him.

Vandenberg, to be sure, follows this little character sketch of the only Negro who comes readily to his mind by saying that he disliked the man simply because he, Vandenberg, wanted the girl for himself. But the cop-out is a weak one. There are no white men in the book whom Vandenberg hates so intensely because they have temptingly beautiful wives or girlfriends.

Thus, in a strange way, the man who condemns America as a society made impotent by "inward antagonisms" is gradually revealed as a fairly nasty collection of inward antagonisms himself – though this, I must assume, is in no way the author's intention. Vandenberg is a John Wayne kind of hero. He is victimized and made into a homeless outlaw by the Russians. He shows great courage and stubborn independence when he escapes into the wilderness. He displays love toward his retarded son and kindness toward his friends. He is generally a character of tough integrity. And, finally, he organizes the attack on the detention camp to free the prisoners – the last quixotic leader left in a moribund nation. But it is impossible to forget the other Vandenberg, of whom we have had those inadvertent glimpses – the Vandenberg who, like Sam Hall, keeps saying, "I hate you one and all, Goddamn your eyes."

I take the Russian occupation of this country in the story to be something of a forced novelistic device. It simply colors the State red and gives Vandenberg a plausible, ostensible reason for hating it. But, as the author notes, the State is by now more or less a combination of Soviet and American government and Vandenberg makes no special distinction. He says that the United States "had gotten pretty chickenshit for me by the [time of] the Kennedy Administration" and that he knows all about "the codification and police state tactics we had then." The only difference between the old American government and the new Russo-American government seems to be that the former tolerated Vandenberg and the latter has locked him up.

The nightmare of the book, finally, has little to do with the supposed Russian takeover. It is that deep anxiety, usually found on the extreme political right and the extreme left, against the urban world, industrial society, and the central government that orders such a society. Vandenberg is a kind of late and distant reincarnation of Rous-

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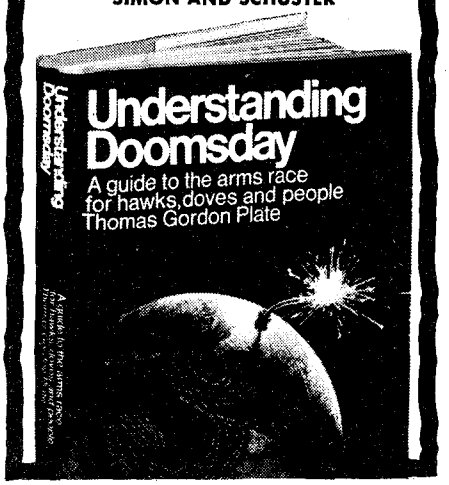

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seau's most famous idea, and there are undoubtedly enough readers who feel the same vibration to make this a very popular novel.

At the symbolical end of the book, Vandenberg and his rag-tag band succeed in blowing open the Soviet detention camp, but the internees are too drugged and brainwashed to have any real chance of escape. On their way back into the mountains, the small guerrilla outfit is totally destroyed by Soviet jets – with the exception of one illiterate old man who burns Vandenberg's journals to make a fire.

The novel will make an exciting movie. I am reminded of the anecdote about Hitler, whose favorite American movie was said to be *The Grapes of Wrath*. He watched it repeatedly and concluded that America was a nation composed of a few vicious landlords and a great many hopeless migrant fruit-pickers. He was convinced that such a nation would be a pushover. Perhaps Stalin's heirs in the Kremlin will take a similar fancy to the film version of *Vandenberg*.

John J. Fried: The Literary Pig from LA

The New Centurions by Joseph Wambaugh

(Atlantic-Little Brown; $6.95)

Not too long ago, a Texas Ranger, tall, solidly built and wearing the traditional Western hat and boots, dropped by my office after a visit to the Los Angeles Police Department. He had come to California following the trail of a murderer sought in Texas. But when I saw him, he was not as delighted with whatever information he may have garnered at headquarters as he was with the tie clasp his LAPD contact had given him as a gag gift. "Look here," he said, grinning like a small boy and pulling the tie with the clasp away from his barrel chest. "Isn't that something?" It was, I had to admit, a novelty: I had never seen a carved relief of a white pig sexually mounting a black panther from the rear.

Six years after the LAPD won the dubious distinction of being the first big-city police department to face a major racial riot, the tie clasp stands as a symbol of black-police relations (and increasingly of Chicano-police relations) in Los Angeles. There have been, of course, the usual official efforts at spanning the chasm between minority groups and police: a modest community relations program, some increased recruiting of minority men for the force, a new "basic car" plan which theoretically will bring the men in the patrol cars closer to the community by keeping them in an area longer and requiring them to meet the people where they work. But basically the feeling one gets is that Watts taught the man on the beat nothing, that the rank and file membership of the department is equally, if not more hostile to the blacks and browns of the city than it was six years ago.

The nagging – and ambiguous – question is why? Psychologists, sociologists and government experts assigned to endless commissions have attempted to come to terms with the question. Their answers have been weighty, sometimes enlightening in broad sociological terms but seldom really honest – not because they haven't tried but rather because few, if any, of the people involved were able to reach down into the psyche of the man on the beat, down into the man who is society's foremost representative in the ghetto.

For those who have felt the lack of meaningful equations in the learned attempts to explain police behavior, *The New Centurions* by Joseph Wambaugh, a 34-year-old police sergeant in Los Angeles, will come as a welcome shaft of light. Wambaugh presents us

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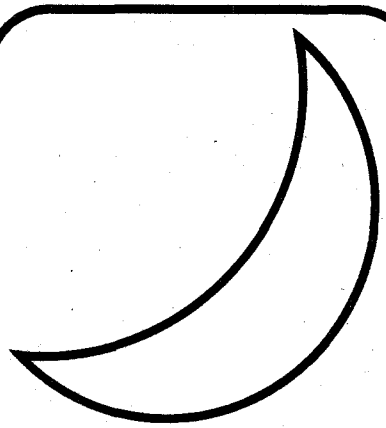

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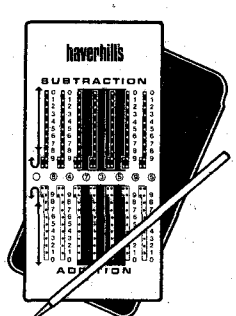

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with three young men – a college dropout, a former bank teller and an Aryan-looking Chicano obsessed with keeping his background hidden – and follows them from the day they enter the police academy in 1960 to their long nights in the holocaust of Watts. No sooner do Wambaugh's heroes leave the academy than they find themselves riding shot-gun in cars cruising the ghettos of Los Angeles. The blacks they see are the whores, the pimps, the drunks, the unemployed; it is not hard for them to envision all black men as pimps or drunks, all black women as whores. What the rookies don't get from the environment (including the station house where the wall behind the booking officer's desk sports a three-foot, rubber tipped spear, decorated with African symbols and colorful feathers and a sign reading "Search your prisoners thoroughly") they get from their partners. "Niggers are driving me crazy," a senior officer tells one of Wambaugh's men. "Sometimes I think I'll kill one someday. . . . Before I came on this job, I wouldn't even use the word 'nigger.' It embarrassed me. Now it's the most used word in my vocabulary. It says everything I feel."

Since Watts, and especially since the emergence of militant groups like the Panthers, the pimps, prostitutes, dope pushers and numbers men have coalesced in the police department's mind into a force not merely to be tolerated but to be actively fought. The policeman no longer sees himself as a man trying to keep some semblance of quiet in an unruly neighborhood. He sees himself as a member of an army that must contain a dangerous, anti-civilization force. In the process, he becomes the new centurion.

Wambaugh's book is not without flaws, the most conspicuous of which is its style. Wambaugh's two degrees in English literature – earned while on the force – have done little for his prose; his writing is frequently awkward, a kind of low-grade Irving Wallace, especially when he tries to teach the reader a lesson or two in Constitutional law. He is at his best when writing about the everyday life of the cop on the beat, and this is the real strength of the novel. The measure of Wambaugh's success in etching out the humdrum routines – the free meals accepted, the stretches of truth in filling out arrest forms, the harassment of prostitutes, the often demeaning persecution of homosexuals – may be that *The New Centurions* almost cost him his job. Chief of Police Ed Davis, not a man to take criticism lightly, reportedly tried to persuade Atlantic-Little Brown to make changes in the book. The publisher refused, and Wambaugh was officially admonished for failing to obtain clearance from the department before submitting his manuscript.

Television

Seeing Isn't Believing

Let's go back a bit, to Apollo 14; recogitate the report from a Southern high school following splashdown: 56 percent of the students polled doubted that the gorgeous capsule had visited the moon at all. Propaganda, they thought.

The report was hardly enough to build a sleepless night on, yet I was struck. I had already been alerted by a nice working girl who, passing my tube at the moment of splashdown, volunteered that "they" couldn't possibly have *found their way* to the moon. Simple case of no gas station maps.

My own high-school son thought the moon trip real, but added, "of course they *could* have faked it." They could have, he said, but they wouldn't have. Why? Because somebody – probably somebody's wife – might have spilled the beans.

My conclusion is that while the tube is no breeder of faith in reality, the expressed doubts have not been big philosophical concepts out of deep-dish Philosophy 303. In the ordinary terms of TV the issue has simply become one between the live and taped. One used to be able to distinguish, but it gets, as these young, TV-bred people sense, harder. The live *is* now taped, and instant replay shuttles us, with the speed of fancy itself, back and forth between two categories we once thought we could keep separate. The

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packaged vs. the unpackaged. The unpackaged is the really live, and as at supermarkets there is little of it left.

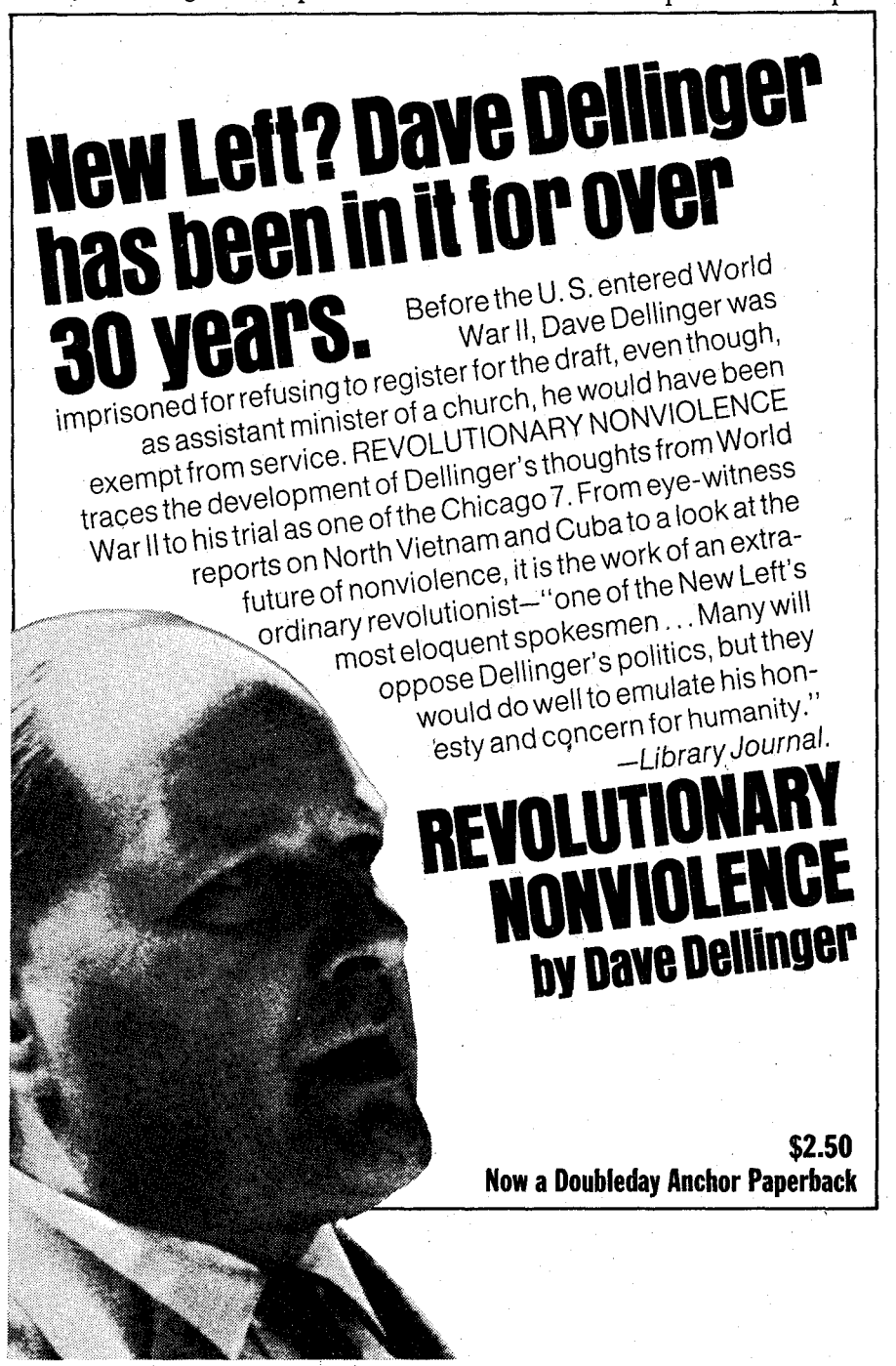
The moon shots have their fantasy connection with science fiction, on the same tube, and their air of artifice is much heightened by the dubbed-in simulation scenes. But the significant crevasses in the credibility gap have nothing to do with the moon; they have been built into TV by its increasing sophistication as a packager. Reality is now not to dig but to slice and box. The essence of golf, wild west or aspirin is merely a half minute or half hour of neatly arranged flicker. Going to the moon is just neatly arranged flicker too.

In the February 14 issue of *The New Yorker* a non-tube credibility gap similar to that with the moon shot was reported on by Edward J. Epstein who had investigated, murder by murder, the commonly accepted package about the Black Panthers and the police – the one that says on the label that the police are *after* the Panthers. One big "fact" in this package has been the allegation, asserted regularly and casually in many reputable journals for a couple of years now, that from 20 to 28 Panthers have been killed by police bullets. Epstein demonstrated that the sole primary source of the allegation was not originally in a technical sense a primary source at all but Charles Garry, "chief counsel and spokesman" for the Panthers. Epstein followed up all the individual cases, went through the court evidence and came to the modest reality that 10 Panthers were killed by police bullets, and that of these ten, four – and possibly only two – were cases in which the police did not have "reason to conclude that their lives were in danger." Epstein's finale: while "four deaths, two deaths, even a single" is "a subject of most grave concern," the assumption upon which the wider allegation was based is false.

To arrive at this took painstaking reportorial digging, a labor that grows increasingly foreign to even the best journalistic accounts, on and off the tube. Packaging comes first.

We all know what the big social packages are these days, from racism to ecology. On TV they are commonly delivered to us in elaborate special-program wrap-ups (the kind that keep cruelly replacing "Petticoat Junction"), but they also appear in small pellet shapes, each in its way advising us to worry, worry, worry about our drains and exhausts. Among the non-tube media it is *Look* magazine that leads the way; its benignly moral editors can put together a package of Americana in two weeks that a methodical reporter like Edward Epstein may need months, years, properly to assess.

The shapes of reality in these packages are at the mercy of many forces, so the media forces are not perhaps wholly deserving of the special attention I am assigning them here. Yet the media forces *do* have a lot of weight on their own; furthermore they are narcissistic, that is, peculiarly subject to their own self force. One image begets another like it, one program about pollution begets four more. Where on Tuesday the packager-journalist may have, and properly, conceived himself to be dealing objectively with a problem brought on by a whole mash of environmental influences, on Wednesday his own package has become part of the environment. No wonder the high school students doubted the reality of Apollo. What is depressing but understandable is that they also doubted the integrity of the minds that produced the Apollo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package. And this isn't just Lyndon Johnson's legacy. The packaging process is ultimately a terrifying, all-encompassing doubt-feeder that gains its strength from the best among us (such as the marvelous minds, talents and machines that actually produced the genuine miracle of Apollo 14 – yes, it is now possible to *forget* this) as well as the worst.

I sympathize with the young doubters. In the old days we could breathe easy. We left our packages to strong individual minds like Marx, Freud, Einstein, Spengler, Veblen, Jefferson, Mao, Plato, Christ. We were able to imagine ourselves as constantly living a great books course, with our ideological realities flowing into our veins from history's most dependable sources. But now it ain't like that. Now it's the NASA bookmakers in Houston – and the solid reporter types like Epstein haven't the time (much less the influence) to keep us straight. We are honestly and thoroughly at sea in both fact and fiction. "The way in which corporate America has sold its products," says Mason Williams, "has created an America that will no longer buy them. Their how blew their what."

What have we ourselves observed with our own microscope today, or felt with our own fingers today, or heard straight from the mouth of our own horse today? Not much. Of necessity we let the media's configurations be ours. It is no wonder that those students doubted Apollo. Given the vagaries of the media, by next Tuesday we may well be deep into phrenology.

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

come from, in this country at this time? (I've seen him before; the question is rhetorical.) With his vocalizings, conscious nasal resonances, posings instead of passions, his air of sensitivity-for-sale, Madden is giving the best of old-style acting a bad name.

John Bury's settings are astonishingly undistinguished – he has done good ones – and the set for *Hedda Gabler*, in funeral-parlor gray, is about as discreet as Garland's staging. The best elements in these productions are the new adaptations by Christopher Hampton, a young English playwright. Hampton's *When Did You Last See My Mother?* was presented here a few years ago and, I thought, imperceptively reviewed. His adaptations are generally limber without being jazzy. One test is in *Hedda Gabler*, when Judge Brack reports the location of Lövborg's fatal wound. Brack says that Lövborg was not shot in the chest, as first reported, but – translations vary – in the stomach or abdomen or bowels. It's perfectly clear what Ibsen was implying, and Hampton handles it simply and well by having Brack say that, instead of the chest, it was "somewhat lower."

Hampton is now 24. David Hare, another English playwright, is 23. Hare's play, *Slag*, now on one of the four stages of the Public Theater, shows him to be a prodigy. *Slag* is unfocussed and sometimes boring, but it is attractively articulate and theatrically at home.

It has only three characters, three young women who are the entire staff of a run-down girls' school, running further down. The best aspect of the play is that Hare has taken a conventional comedy about a public-school staff and converted it *internally* into a macabre fantasy without much altering externals, rather in the manner of I. Compton-Burnett. Some of the materials are: a kind of mod *Princess Ida*, a female sanctum with males excluded and the results thereof; satire on cultural glibness; and, the seeming *sine qua non* of English playwrights these days, a microcosm of the fate of the Empire. None of these efforts wholly succeeds, largely because Hare never clarifies his viewpoint, he just has fun; but if *Slag* doesn't always hold interest, it always commands respect. One thing the play is bursting with is promise.

Roger Hendricks Simon has staged it with vigor, humor, and a good ear. As the one virgin in the trio, Roberta Maxwell gives a fine cranky comic performance.

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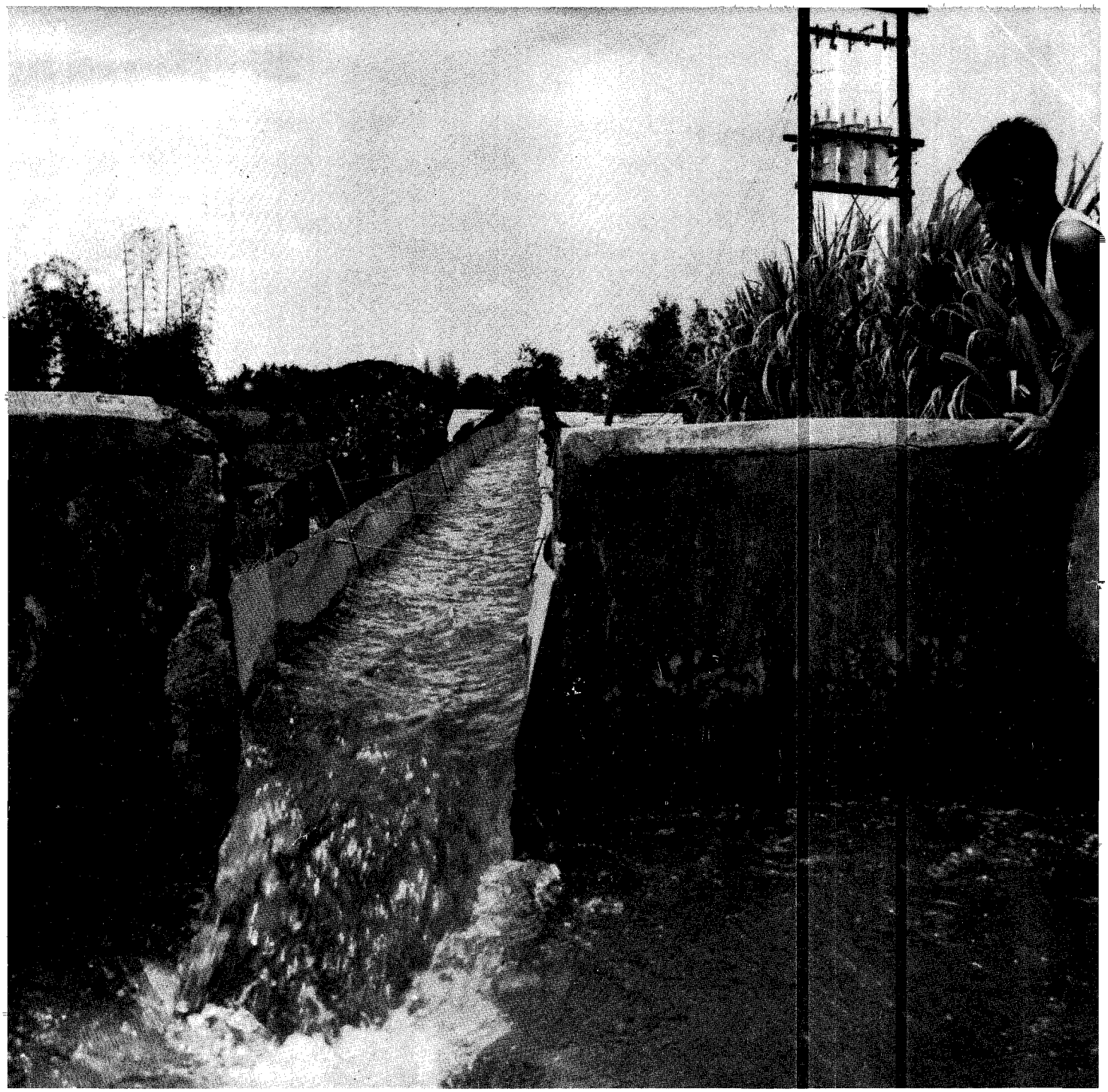

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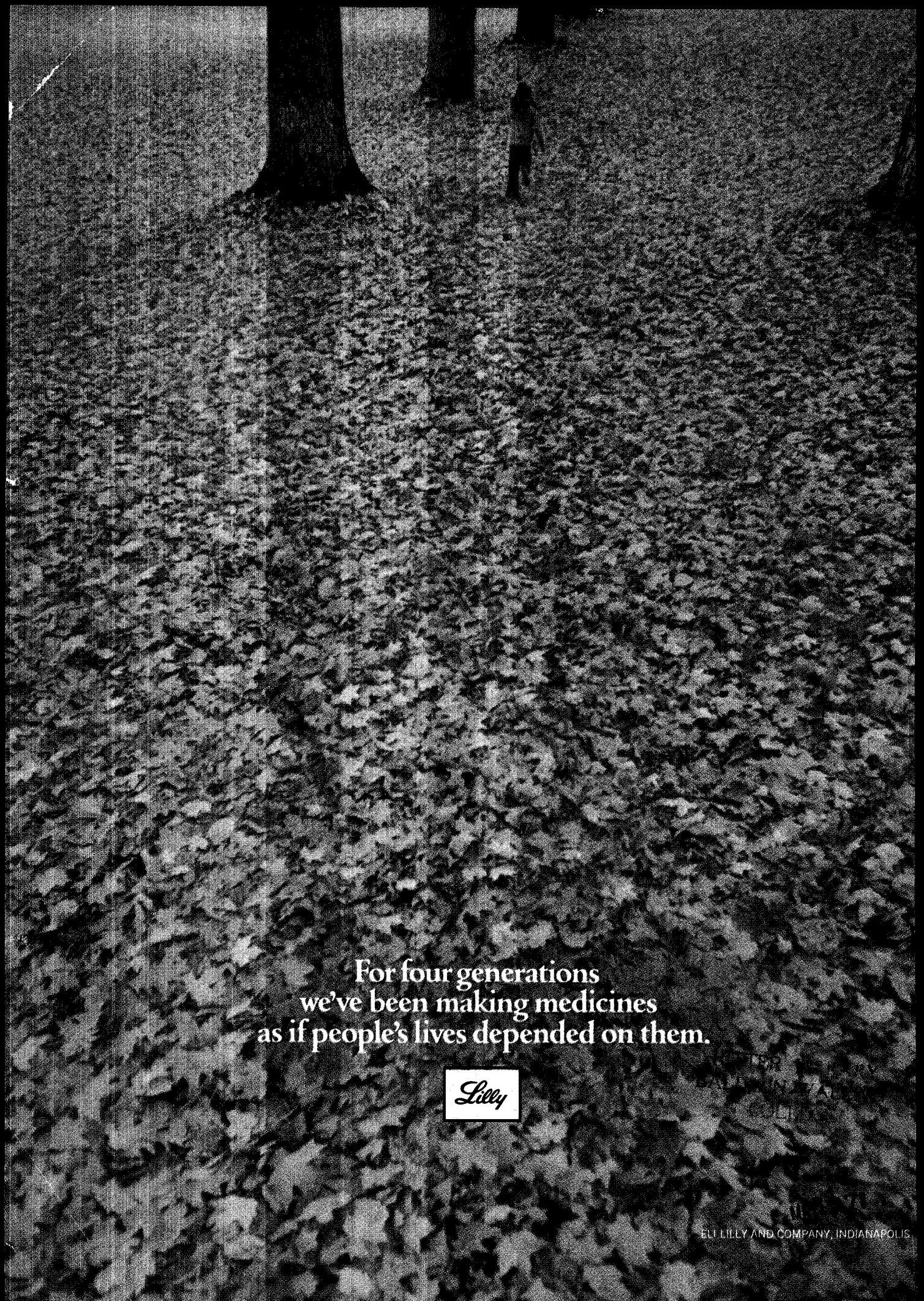
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